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Homer

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GEORGE R.

GEORGE, by the Grace of God, King of *Great Britain, France, and Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting. Whereas Our Trusty and Well-beloved BERNARD LINTOT of Our City of *London*, Bookseller, has humbly represented unto Us that he is now printing a Translation of the *ILIAD* of HOMER, from the *Greek*, in Six Volumes in Folio, by ALEXANDER POPE Gent. with large Notes upon each Book: And whereas the said BERNARD LINTOT has inform'd Us that he has been at a great Expence in carrying on the said Work: and that the sole Right and Title of the Copy of the said Work is vested in the said BERNARD LINTOT: He has therefore humbly besought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole printing and publishing thereof for the Term of fourteen Years. WE being graciously pleased to encourage so useful a Work, are pleased to condescend to his Request; and do therefore give and grant unto the said BERNARD LINTOT Our Royal Licence and Privilege for the sole printing and publishing the said Six Volumes of the said *ILIAD* of HOMER, translated by the said ALEXANDER POPE, for and during the Term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Day of the Date hereof, strictly charging and prohibiting all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms and Dominions to reprint or abridge the same, either in the like or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever; or to import, buy, vend, utter or distribute any Copies of the same, or any part thereof reprinted beyond the Seas, within the said Term of fourteen Years, without the Consent and Approbation of the said BERNARD LINTOT, his Heirs, Executors and Assigns, by Writing under his or their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they and every of them offending herein will answer the contrary at their Perils, and such other Penalties as by the Laws and Statutes of this Our Realm may be inflicted: Whereof the Master, Wardens, and Company of Stationers of Our City of *London*, Commissioners and other Officers of Our Customs, and all other Our Officers and Ministers whom it may concern, are to take Notice, that due Obedience be given to Our Pleasure herein signified. Given at Our Court at *St. James's* the sixth Day of *May*, 1715. in the first Year of Our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command,

JAMES STANHOPE.

THE
ILLIAD
OF
HOMER.

Translated by Mr. POPE.

VOL. VI.

*Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit, fecitque, puer———*

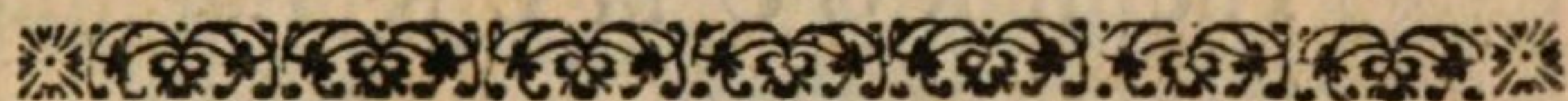
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THE THIRD EDITION.

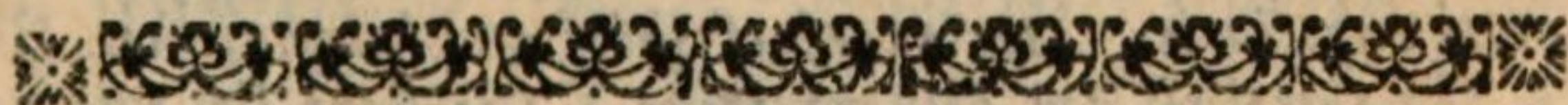
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THE
TWENTY-SECOND BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.





The ARGUMENT.

The Death of *Hector*.

THE Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her entreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take; but at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies; Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The Gods debate concerning the fate of Hector, at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus; he stands the combat, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace: She mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls, and on the battlements of Troy.



*Achilles, being Sav'd from the Waters of Xanthus, & having Slain the
unfortunate Hector inhumanly ties him to his Chariot & drags him
in that manner in View of the Trojans.*

B. XXII.





THE
*TWENTY-SECOND BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

THUS to their bulwarks, smit with panick fear,
The herded *Ilians* rush like driven deer;
There safe, they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.

Close

* It is impossible but the whole attention of the reader must be awaken'd in this book: The heroes of the two armies are now to encounter; all the foregoing battels have been but so many preludes and under-actions, in order to this great event; wherein the whole fate of *Greece* and *Troy* is to be decided by the sword of *Achilles* and *Hector*.

5 Close to the walls advancing o'er the fields,
 Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,
 March, bending on, the *Greeks* embodied pow'rs,
 Far-stretching in the shade of *Trojan* tow'rs.
 Great *Hector* singly stay'd; chain'd down by fate,
 10 There fixt he stood before the *Scean* gate;
 Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
 The guardian still of long-defended *Troy*.
Apollo now to tir'd *Achilles* turns;
 (The pow'r confest in all his glory burns)
 15 And what (he cries) has *Peless*' son in view,
 With mortal speed a Godhead to pursue?
 For not to thee to know the Gods is giv'n,
 Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of heav'n.
 What boots thee now, that *Troy* forsook the plain?
 20 Vain thy past labour, and thy present vain:
 Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,
 While here thy frantick rage attacks a God.

This is the book, which of the whole *Iliad* appears to me the most charming. It assembles in it all that can be imagined of great and important on the one hand, and of tender and melancholy on the other: *Terror* and *Pity* are here wrought up in perfection; and if the reader is not sensible of both in a high degree, either he is utterly void of all taste, or the translator of all skill, in poetry.

The chief incens'd—Too partial God of Day!

To check my conquests in the middle way:

25 How few in *Ilion* else had refuge found?

What gasping numbers now had bit the ground?

Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,

Pow'rful of Godhead, and of fraud divine:

Mean fame, alas! for one of heav'nly strain,

30 To cheat a mortal, who repines in vain.

Then to the city, terrible and strong,

With high and haughty steps he tower'd along.

So the proud courser, victor of the prize,

To the near goal with double ardour flies.

35 Him, as he blazing shot across the field,

The careful eyes of *Priam* first beheld.

Not half so dreadful rises to the sight

Thro' the thick gloom of some tempestuous night

Orion's

ψ. 37. *Not half so dreadful rises, &c.]* With how much dreadful pomp is *Achilles* here introduced! How noble, and in what bold colours hath he drawn the blazing of his arms, the rapidity of his advance, the terrour of his appearance, the desolation round him; but above all, the certain death attending all his motions and his very looks; what a croud of terrible ideas in this one simile!

But immediately after this, follows the moving image of the two aged parents, trembling, weeping, and imploring their son: That is succeeded again by the dreadful gloomy picture of *Hector*, all on fire, obstinately bent on death, and

Orion's dog (the year when Autumn weighs)

40 And o'er the feeble stars exerts his rays;

Terrific glory! for his burning breath

Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.

So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;

He strikes his rev'rend head now white with age:

45 He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies;

He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries;

The son, resolv'd *Achilles'* force to dare,

Full at the *Scaan* gates expects the war;

While the sad father on the rampart stands,

50 And thus adjures him with extended hands.

Ah stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;

Hector! my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son!

Methinks

expecting *Achilles*; admirably painted in the simile of the snake roll'd up in his den, and collecting his poisons: And indeed, thro' the whole book, this wonderful contrast and opposition of the *Moving* and of the *Terrible*, is perpetually kept up, each heightening the other: I can't find words to express how so great beauties affect me.

§. 51. *The speech of Priam to Hector.*] The Poet has entertain'd us all along with various scenes of slaughter and horror: He now changes to the pathetick, and fills the mind of the reader with tender sorrows. *Eustathius* observes that *Priam* preludes to his words by actions expressive of misery: The unhappy orator introduces his speech to *Hector* with groans and tears, and rending his hoary hair. The Father and the King plead with *Hector* to preserve his life and his country. He represents his own age, and the loss of many of his children;

Methinks already I behold thee slain,

And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.

55 Implacable *Achilles*! might'st thou be

To all the Gods no dearer than to me!

Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore,

And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.

How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,

60 Valiant in vain! by thy curst arm destroy'd:

Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles

To shameful bondage, and unworthy toils.

Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,

Two from one mother sprung, my *Polydore*,

65 And lov'd *Lycaon*; now perhaps no more!

Oh! if in yonder hostile camp they live,

What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give?

Their grandfire's wealth, by right of birth their own,

(Consign'd his daughter with *Lelegia's* throne)

dren; and adds, that if *Hector* falls, he should then be inconsolable, and the empire of *Troy* at an end.

It is a piece of great judgment in *Homer*, to make the fall of *Troy* to depend upon the death of *Hector*: The Poet does not openly tell us that *Troy* was taken by the *Greeks*; but that the reader might not be unacquainted with what happen'd after the period of his poem, he gives us to understand in this speech, that the city was taken, and that *Priam*, his wives, his sons and daughters, were either kill'd or made slaves.

70 But if (which heav'n forbid) already lost,
 All pale they wander on the *Stygian* coast;
 What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
 What anguish I? Unutterable woe!
 Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
 75 Less to all *Troy*, if not depriv'd of thee.
 Yet shun *Achilles*! enter yet the wall;
 And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!
 Save thy dear life; or if a soul so brave
 Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
 80 Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs;
 While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
 Yet curst with sense! a wretch, whom in his rage
 (All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
 Great *Jove* has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain!
 85 The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain:
 To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
 And number all his days by miseries!

* 76. *Enter yet the wall, And spare, &c.*] The argument that *Priam* uses (says *Eustatbius*) to induce *Hector* to secure himself in *Troy* is remarkable: He draws it not from *Hector*'s fears, nor does he tell him that he is to save his own life: but he insists upon stronger motives: He tells him he may preserve his fellow-citizens, his country, and his father; and farther, persuades him not to add glory to his mortal enemy by his fall.

My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
 My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,
 90 My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor;
 These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!
 Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry fate
 The last sad relick of my ruin'd state,
 (Dire pomp of sov'reign wretchedness!) must fall,
 95 And stain the pavement of my regal hall;
 Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
 Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
 Yet for my sons I thank ye Gods! 'twas well:
 Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.
 100 Who dies in youth, and vigour, dies the best,
 Struck thro' with wounds, all honest on the breast.
 But when the fates, in fulness of their rage,
 Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,

In

ψ. 90. *My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor.*] Cruelties which the *Barbarians* usually exercis'd in the sacking of towns. Thus *Isaiab* foretels to *Babylon* that her children shall be dash'd in pieces before her eyes by the *Medes*. *Infantes eorum allidentur in oculis eorum*, xii. 16. And *David* says to the same city, *happy shall be he that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones*. *Psal.* cxxxvii. 9. And in the prophet *Hosea*, xiii. 16. *Their infants shall be dash'd in pieces*. *Dacier*.

ψ. 102. *But when the fates, &c.*] Nothing can be more moving than the image which *Homer* gives here, in comparing the different effects produc'd by the view of a young man, and that of an old one, both bleeding, and extended on the dust.

The

In dust the rev'rend lineaments deform,

105 And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm;

This, this is misery! the last, the worst,

That man can feel; man, fated to be curst!

He said, and acting what no words could say,

Rent from his head the silver locks away.

110 With him the mournful mother bears a part;

Yet all their sorrows turn not *Hector's* heart:

The zone unbrac'd, her bosom she display'd;

And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said.

Have mercy on me, O my son! revere

115 The words of age; attend a parent's pray'r!

If

The old man 'tis certain touches us most, and several reasons may be given for it; the principal is, that the young man defended himself, and his death is glorious; whereas an old man has no defence but his weakness, prayers and tears. They must be very insensible of what is dreadful, and have no taste in poetry, who omit this passage in a translation, and substitute things of a trivial and insipid nature. *Dacier.*

§. 114. *The speech of Hecuba.*] The speech of *Hecuba* opens with as much tenderness as that of *Priam*: The circumstance in particular of her shewing that breast to her son which had sustain'd his infancy, is highly moving: It is a silent kind of oratory, and prepares the heart to listen, by prepossessing the eye in favour of the speaker.

Eustathius takes notice of the difference between the speeches of *Priam* and *Hecuba*: *Priam* dissuades him from the combat, by enumerating not only the loss of his own family, but of his whole country: *Hecuba* dwells entirely upon his single death; this is a great beauty in the poet, to make *Priam* a father to his whole country; but to describe the fondness of
the

If ever thee in these fond arms I prest,
Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast;
Ah! do not thus our helpless years forego,
But by our walls secur'd, repel the foe.

120 Against his rage if singly thou proceed,
Should'st thou (but heav'n avert it!) should'st thou bleed,
Nor must thy corps lie honour'd on the bier,
Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites, those dear remains

125 Must feast the vultures on the naked plains.

So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll;
But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul:
Resolv'd he stands, and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.

130 So roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When fed with noxious herbs his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains;

the mother as prevailing over all other considerations, and to mention that only which chiefly affects her:

This puts me in mind of a judicious stroke in *Milton*, with regard to the several characters of *Adam* and *Eve*. When the Angel is driving them both out of paradise, *Adam* grieves that he must leave a place where he had convers'd with God and his angels; but *Eve* laments that she shall never more behold the fine flowers of *Eden*: Here *Adam* mourns like a man, and *Eve* like a woman,

He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
 135 And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
 Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,
 He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind.

Where lies my way? To enter in the wall?
 Honour and shame th' ungen'rous thought recall:

Shall

§. 138. *The Soliloquy of Hector.*] There is much greatness in the sentiments of this whole Soliloquy. *Hector* prefers death to an ignominious life: He knows how to die with glory, but not how to live with dishonour. The reproach of *Polydamas* affects him; the scandals of the meanest people have an influence on his thoughts.

'Tis remarkable that he does not say, he fears the insults of the braver *Trojans*, but of the most worthless only. Men of merit are always the most candid; but others are ever for bringing all men to a level with themselves. They cannot bear that any one should be so bold as to excel, and are ready to pull him down to them, upon the least miscarriage. This sentiment is perfectly fine, and agreeable to the way of thinking, natural to a great and sensible mind.

There is a very beautiful break in the middle of this speech. *Hector's* mind fluctuates every way, he is calling a council in his own breast, and consulting what method to pursue: He doubts if he should not propose terms of peace to *Achilles*, and grants him very large concessions; but of a sudden he checks himself, and leaves the sentence unfinish'd. The paragraph runs thus; "If, says *Hector*, I should offer him the "largest conditions, give all that *Troy* contains"——There he stops, and immediately subjoins, "But why do I delude "myself, &c."

'Tis evident from this speech that the power of making peace was in *Hector's* hands: For unless *Priam* had transferr'd it to him, he could not have made these propositions. So that it was *Hector* who broke the treaty in the third book; (where the very same conditions were propos'd by *Agamemnon*.) 'Tis *Hector* therefore that is guilty, he is blameable in continuing

140 Shall proud *Polydamas* before the gate
Proclaim, his counsels are obey'd too late,
Which, timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been sav'd by *Hector's* flight?
That wise advice rejected with disdain,

145 I feel my folly in my people slain.
Methinks my suff'ring country's voice I hear,
But most, her worthless sons insult my ear,
On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
And blame those virtues which they cannot share.

150 No—If I e'er return, return I must
Glorious, my country's terrour laid in dust:
Or if I perish, let her see me fall
In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
And yet suppose these measures I forego,

155 Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,
The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to save the town:

ning the war, and involving the *Greeks* and *Trojans* in blood. This conduct in *Homer* was necessary; he observes a poetical justice, and shews us that *Hector* is a criminal, before he brings him to death. *Eustathius*.

ψ. 140. *Shall proud Polydamas, &c.*] *Hector* alludes to the counsel given him by *Polydamas* in the eighteenth book, which he then neglected to follow: It was, to withdraw to the city, and fortify themselves there, before *Achilles* return'd to the battel.

The

The wife with-held, the treasure ill detain'd,
 (Cause of the war, and grievance of the land)
 160 With honourable justice to restore;
 And add half *Ilion's* yet remaining store,
 Which *Troy* shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd *Greece*
 May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
 But why this thought? Unarm'd if I should go,
 165 What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
 But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?
 We greet not here, as man conversing man,
 Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;

No

ψ. 167. *We greet not here, as man conversing man,
 Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain, &c.]*
 The words literally are these, “*There is no talking with A-*
chilles, ἀπὸ δρυὸς ἢ ἀπὸ πέτρης, from an oak, or from a rock,
[or about an oak or a rock] as a young man and a maiden talk
together. It is thought an obscure passage, tho’ I confess I am
 either too fond of my own explication in the above-cited
 verses, or they make it a very clear one. “*There is no con-*
versing with this implacable enemy in the rage of battel;
“ as when sauntering people talk at leisure to one another on
“ the road, or when young men and women meet in a field.”
 I think the exposition of *Eustatbius* more far-fetch’d, though it
 be ingenious; and therefore I must do him the justice not to
 suppress it. It was a common practice, says he, with the hea-
 thens, to expose such children as they either could not, or
 would not educate: The places where they deposited them,
 were usually in the cavities of *rocks*, or the hollow of *oaks*:
 These children being frequently found and preserv’d by stran-
 gers, were said to be the offspring of those oaks or rocks
 where they were found. This gave occasion to the poets to
 feign that men were born of *oaks*, and there was a famous
 fable

No season now for calm familiar talk,
 o Like youths and maidens in an ev'ning walk:
 War is our business, but to whom is giv'n
 To die or triumph, that, determine heav'n!
 Thus pond'ring, like a God the *Greek* drew nigh;
 His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
 5 The *Pelian* jav'lin, in his better hand,
 Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
 And on his breast the beamy splendours shone
 Like *Jove's* own light'ning, or the rising sun.
 As *Hector* sees, unusual terrors rise,
 7 Struck by some God, he fears, recedes, and flies.

He

fable too of *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha's* repairing mankind by casting stones behind them: It grew at last into a proverb, to signify idle tales; so that in the present passage it imports, that *Achilles* will not listen to such idle tales as may pass with silly maids and fond lovers. For fables and stories (and particularly such stories as the preservation, strange fortune, and adventures of expos'd children) are the usual conversation of young men and maidens. *Eustathius's* explanation may be corroborated by a parallel place in the *Odyssey*; where the poet says,

Οὐ γὰρ ἀπὸ δρυὸς ἔσσι παλαιφάτου, ἔδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης.

The meaning of which passage is plainly this, Tell me of what race you are, for undoubtedly you had a father and mother; you are not, according to the old story, descended from an oak or a rock. Where the word παλαιφάτου shews that this was become an ancient proverb even in *Homer's* days.

ψ. 180. Struck by some God, he fears, recedes, and flies.] I doubt not most readers are shock'd at the flight of *Hector*: It is indeed

He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind ;

Achilles follows like the winged wind.

Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies,

(The swiftest racer of the liquid skies)

Just

indeed a high exaltation of *Achilles* (which was the poet's chief hero) that so brave a man as *Hector* durst not stand him. While *Achilles* was at a distance he had fortify'd his heart with noble resolutions, but at his approach they all vanish, and he flies. This (as exceptionable as some may think it) may yet be allow'd to be a true portrait of human nature ; for distance, as it lessens all objects, so it does our fears : But where inevitable danger approaches, the stoutest hearts will feel some apprehensions at certain fate. It was the saying of one of the bravest men in this age, to one who told him he fear'd nothing, *Shew me but a certain danger, and I shall be as much afraid as any of you.* I don't absolutely pretend to justify this passage in every point, but only to have thus much granted me, that *Hector* was in this desperate circumstance.

First, It will not be found in the whole *Iliad*, that *Hector* ever thought himself a match for *Achilles*. *Homer* (to keep this in our minds) had just now made *Priam* tell him, as a thing known, (for certainly *Priam* would not insult him at that time) that there was no comparison between his own strength, and that of his antagonist.

——ἐπειὴ πολὺ φέρτερός ἐστιν.

Secondly, We may observe with *Dacier*, the degrees by which *Homer* prepares this incident. In the 18th book the mere sight and voice of *Achilles* unarmed, has terrify'd and put the whole *Trojan* army into disorder. In the 19th, the very sound of the celestial arms given him by *Vulcan*, has affrighted his own *Myrmidons* as they stand about him. In the 20th, he has been upon the point of killing *Aeneas*, and *Hector* himself was not sav'd from him but by *Apollo's* interposing. In that and the following book, he makes an incredible slaughter of all that oppose him, he overtakes most of those that fly from him, and *Priam* himself opens the gates of *Troy* to receive the rest.

Thirdly,

85 Just when he holds or thinks he holds his prey,
Obliquely wheeling thro' th' aëreal way ;
With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings:

No

Thirdly, *Hector* stays, not that he hopes to overcome *Achilles*, but because shame and the dread of reproach forbid him to re-enter the city ; a shame (says *Eustatbius*) which was a fault, that betray'd him out of his life, and ruin'd his country. Nay, *Homer* adds farther, that he only stay'd by the immediate will of *heaven*, intoxicated and irresistibly bound down by fate.

Ἐκτορα δ' αὐτὸς μεῖναι ὅλον μοῖρ' ἐπέδυσεν.

Fourthly, He had just been reflecting on the injustice of the war he maintain'd ; his spirits are depressed by heaven, he expects certain death, he perceives himself abandon'd by the Gods ; (as he directly says in *ψ. 300*, &c. of the *Greek*, and 385 of the translation) so that he might say to *Achilles* what *Turnus* does to *Aeneas*,

Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hostis.

This indeed is the strongest reason that can be offered for the flight of *Hector*. He flies not from *Achilles* as a mortal hero, but from one whom he sees clad in impenetrable armour, seconded by *Minerva*, and one who had put to flight the inferiour Gods themselves. This is not cowardice, according to the constant principles of *Homer*, who thought it no part of a hero's character to be impious, or to fancy himself independent on the supreme being.

Indeed it had been a grievous fault, had our author suffer'd the courage of *Hector* entirely to forsake him even in this extremity : A brave man's soul is still capable of rousing itself, and acting honourably in the last struggles. Accordingly *Hector*, tho' deliver'd over to his destiny, abandon'd by the Gods, and certain of death, yet stops and attacks *Achilles* ; when he loses his spear,
he

No less fore-right the rapid chace they held,
 190 One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd;

he draws his sword: It was impossible he should conquer, it was only in his power to fall gloriously; this he did, and it was all that man could do.

If the Reader, after all, cannot bring himself to like this passage, for his own particular; yet to induce him to suspend his absolute censure, he may consider that *Virgil* had an uncommon esteem for it, as he has testify'd in transferring it almost entirely to the death of *Turnus*; where there was no necessity of making use of the like incidents: But doubtless he was touch'd with this episode, as with one of those which interest us most of the whole *Iliad*, by a spectacle at once so terrible, and so deplorable. I must also add the suffrage of *Aristotle*, who was so far from looking upon this passage as ridiculous or blameable, that he esteem'd it marvellous and admirable. "The
 " wonderful, says he, ought to have place in tragedy, but still
 " more in epic poetry, which proceeds in this point even to the
 " unreasonable: For as in epic poems one sees not the per-
 " sons acting, so whatever passes the bounds of reason is proper
 " to produce the admirable and the marvellous. For example,
 " what *Homer* says of *Hector* pursu'd by *Achilles*, would appear
 " ridiculous on the stage; for the spectators could not forbear
 " laughing to see on one side the *Greeks* standing without
 " any motion, and on the other *Achilles* pursuing *Hector*,
 " and making signs to the troops not to dart at him. But all
 " this does not appear when we read the poem: For what
 " is wonderful is always agreeable, and as a proof of it, we
 " find that they who relate any thing, usually add something
 " to the truth, that it may the better please those who hear
 " it."

The same great critick vindicates this passage in the chapter following. "A poet, says he, is inexcusable if he introduces
 " such things as are impossible according to the rules of poetry:
 " But this ceases to be a fault, if by those means he attains to
 " the end propos'd; for he has then brought about what he
 " intended: For example, if he renders by it any part of his
 " poem more astonishing or admirable. Such is the place in
 " the *Iliad*, where *Achilles* pursues *Hector*. *Arist. Poet. chap.*
 25, 26.

Now

Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
Where the high watch-tow'r overlooks the plain;
Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad,
(A wider compass) sm oak along the road.

195 Next by *Scamander's* double source they bound,
Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground;
This hot thro' scorching clefts is seen to rise,
With exhalations steaming to the skies;
That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,

200 Like crystal clear, and cold as winter-snows.

ψ. 196. *Where two fam'd fountains.*] *Strabo* blames *Homer* for saying that one of the sources of *Scamander* was a warm fountain; whereas (says he) there is but one spring, and that cold, neither is this in the place where *Homer* fixes it, but in the mountain. It is observ'd by *Eustathius*, that tho' this was not true in *Strabo's* days, yet it might in *Homer's*, greater changes having happen'd in less time than that which pass'd between those two authors. *Sandys*, who was both a geographer and critick of great accuracy, as well as a traveller of great veracity, affirms as an eye-witness, that there are yet some hot-water springs in that part of the country, opposite to *Tenedos*. I cannot but think that gentleman must have been particularly diligent and curious in his enquiries into the remains of a place so celebrated in poetry; as he was not only perhaps the most learned, but one of the best poets of his time: I am glad of this occasion to do his memory so much justice as to say, the *English* versification owes much of its improvement to his Translations, and especially that admirable one of *Job*. What chiefly pleases me in this place, is to see the exact Landskip of old *Troy*, we have a clear idea of the town itself, and of the roads and country about it; the river, the fig-trees, and every part is set before our eyes.

Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
 Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;
 Where *Trojan* dames (e'er yet alarm'd by *Greece*)
 Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.

205 By these they past, one chafing, one in flight,
 (The mighty fled, pursu'd by stronger might)
 Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,
 No vulgar victim must reward the day,
 (Such as in races crown the speedy strife)

210 The prize contended was great *Hector's* life.

As when some hero's fun'rals are decreed
 In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
 Where high rewards the vig'rous youth inflame,
 (Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame)

215 The panting couriers swiftly turn the goal,
 And with them turns the rais'd spectator's soul.
 Thus three times round the *Trojan* wall they fly;
 The gazing Gods lean forward from the sky:

To

y. 218. *The gazing Gods lean forward from the sky.*] We have here an instance of the great judgment of *Homer*. The death of *Hector* being the chief action of the poem; he assembles the Gods, and calls a Council in heaven concerning it: It is for the same reason that he represents *Jupiter* with the greatest solemnity weighing in his scales the fates of the two heroes: I have before observ'd at large upon the last circumstance

To whom, while eager on the chace they look,
 220 The Sire of mortals and immortals spoke.
 Unworthy fight! the man, belov'd of heav'n,
 Behold, inglorious round yon' city driv'n!
 My heart partakes the gen'rous *Hector's* pain;
Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,
 225 Whose grateful fumes the Gods receiv'd with joy,
 From *Ida's* summits, and the tow'rs of *Troy*:
 Now see him flying! to his fears resign'd,
 And fate, and fierce *Achilles*, close behind.
 Consult, ye pow'rs! ('tis worthy your debate)
 230 Whether to snatch him from impending fate,

stance in a preceding note, so that there is no occasion to repeat it.

I wonder that none of the commentators have taken notice of this beauty; in my opinion it is a very necessary observation, and shews the art and judgment of the poet, that he has made the greatest and finishing action of the poem of such importance that it engages the Gods in debates.

ψ. 226. *From Ida's summits*——] It was the custom of the *Pagans* to sacrifice to the Gods upon the hills and mountains, in scripture language upon the *high places*, for they were persuaded that the Gods in a particular manner inhabited such eminences: Wherefore God order'd his people to destroy all those high places, which the nations had prophan'd by their idolatry. *You shall utterly destroy all the places wherein the nations which you shall possess served their Gods, upon the high mountains, and upon the bills, and under every green tree.* Deut. xii. 2. 'Tis for this reason that so many kings are reproach'd in scripture for not taking away the *high places*. *Dacier.*

Or let him bear, by stern *Pelides* slain,
 (Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man?

Then *Pallas* thus: Shall he whose vengeance forms
 The forky bolt, and blackens heav'n with storms,
 235 Shall he prolong one *Trojan's* forfeit breath!

A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!

And will no murmurs fill the courts above?

No Gods indignant blame their partial *Jove*?

Go then (return'd the Sire) without delay,
 240 Exert thy will: I give the Fates their way.

Swift at the mandate pleas'd *Tritonia* flies,
 And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.

As thro' the forest, o'er the vale and lawn

The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;

245 In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
 Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes;

Sure of the vapour in the tainted dew,

The certain hound his various maze pursues.

Thus step by step, where'er the *Trojan* wheel'd,

250 There swift *Achilles* compass'd round the field.

Oft'

*. 249. *Thus step by step, &c.*] There is some difficulty in this passage, and it seems strange that *Achilles* could not overtake *Hector* whom he excell'd so much in swiftness, especially when the poet describes him as running in a narrower

Oft' as to reach the *Dardan* gates he bends,
And hopes th' assistance of his pitying friends,
(Whose show'ring arrows, as he cours'd below,
From the high turrets might oppress the foe.)

255 So oft' *Achilles* turns him to the plain :
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace
One to pursue, and one to lead the chace,

narrower circle than *Hector*. *Eustatbius* gives us many solutions from the ancients : *Homer* has already told us that they run for the life of *Hector* ; and consequently *Hector* would exert his utmost speed, whereas *Achilles* might only endeavour to keep him from entering the city : Besides, *Achilles* could not directly pursue him, because he frequently made efforts to shelter himself under the wall, and he being oblig'd to turn him from it, he might be forced to take more steps than *Hector*. But the poet to take away all grounds of an objection, tells us afterwards, that *Apollo* gave him a supernatural swiftness.

ψ. 257. *As men in slumbers.*] This beautiful comparison has been condemn'd by some of the ancients, even so far as to judge it unworthy of having a place in the *Iliad* : They say the diction is mean, and the similitude itself absurd, because it compares the swiftness of the heroes to men asleep, who are in a state of rest and inactivity. But there cannot be a more groundless criticism : The poet is so far from drawing his comparison from the repose of men asleep, that he alludes only to their dreams : it is a race in fancy that he describes ; and surely the imagination is nimble enough to illustrate the greatest degree of swiftness : Besides the verses themselves run with the utmost rapidity, and imitate the swiftness they describe. *Eustatbius*.

What sufficiently proves these verses to be genuine, is, that *Virgil* has imitated them, *Æn.* 12.

Ac veluti in somnis——

Their sinking limbs the fancy'd course forsake,
 260 Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake.

No less the lab'ring heroes pant and strain;
 While that but flies, and this pursues in vain.

What God, O Muse! assisted *Hector's* force,
 With Fate itself so long to hold the course?

265 *Phœbus* it was; who, in his latest hour,
 Endu'd his knees with strength, his nerves with pow'r:
 And great *Achilles*, lest some *Greek's* advance
 Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
 Sign'd to the troops, to yield his foe the way,
 270 And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.

Jove

ψ. 269. *Sign'd to the troops, &c.*] The difference which *Homer* here makes between *Hector* and *Achilles* deserves to be taken notice of; *Hector* is running away towards the walls, to the end that the *Trojans* who are upon them may overwhelm *Achilles* with their darts; and *Achilles* in turning *Hector* towards the plain, makes a sign to his troops not to attack him. This shews the great courage of *Achilles*. Yet this action which appears so generous has been very much condemn'd by the ancients; *Plutarch* in the life of *Pompey* gives us to understand, that it was look'd upon as the action of a fool too greedy of glory: Indeed this is not a single combat of *Achilles* against *Hector*, (for in that case *Achilles* would have done very ill not to hinder his troops from assailing him) this was a rencounter in a battel, and so *Achilles* might, and ought to take all advantage to rid himself, the readiest and the surest way, of an enemy whose death would procure an entire victory to his party. Wherefore does he leave this victory to chance? Why expose himself to the hazard of losing it? Why does he prefer his private glory to the publick weal, and the safety of all
 the

Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
The fates of mortal men, and things below :
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.

275 Low sinks the scale surcharg'd with *Hector's* fate ;
Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight.

Then *Phœbus* left him. Fierce *Minerva* flies
To stern *Pelides*, and triumphing, cries.

Oh lov'd of *Jove* ! this day our labours cease,
280 And conquest blazes with full beams on *Greece*.

Great *Hector* falls ; that *Hector* fam'd so far,
Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,

the *Greeks*, which he puts to the venture by delaying to conquer, and endangering his own person ? I grant it is a fault, but it must be own'd to be the fault of a hero. *Eustatbius*.
Dacier.

ψ. 277. *Then Phœbus left him*——] This is a very beautiful and poetical manner of describing a plain circumstance: The hour of *Hector's* death was now come, and the poet expresses it by saying that *Apollo*, or *Destiny*, forsakes him: That is, the fates no longer protect him. *Eustatbius*.

ψ. *Id.*——*Fierce Minerva flies To stern Pelides, &c.*] The poet may seem to diminish the glory of *Achilles*, by ascribing the victory over *Hector* to the assistance of *Pallas*; whereas in truth he fell by the hand only of *Achilles*: But poetry loves to raise every thing into a wonder; it steps out of the common road of narration, and aims to surprize; and the poet would farther insinuate that it is a greater glory to *Achilles* to be lov'd by the Gods, than to be only excellent in valour: For many men have valour, but few the favour of heaven. *Eustatbius*.

Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force, nor flight
Shall more avail him, nor his God of Light.

285 See, where in vain he supplicates above,

Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting *Jove*!

Rest here: my self will lead the *Trojan* on,

And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun.

Her voice divine, the chief with joyful mind

290 Obey'd; and rested, on his lance reclin'd.

While like *Deiphobus* the martial dame

(Her face, her gesture, and her arms the same)

In show an aid, by hapless *Hector's* side

Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice bely'd.

295 Too long, O *Hector*! have I born the fight

Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight:

It fits us now a noble stand to make,

And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.

¶ 290. *Obey'd, and rested.*] The whole passage where *Pallas* deceives *Hector* is evidently an allegory: *Achilles* perceiving that he cannot overtake *Hector*, pretends to be quite spent and wearied in the pursuit; the stratagem takes effect, and recalls his enemy: This the poet expresses by saying that *Pallas*, or *Wisdom*, came to assist *Achilles*. *Hector* observing his enemy stay to rest, concludes that he is quite fatigued, and immediately takes courage and advances upon him; he thinks he has him at an advantage, but at last finds himself deceiv'd: Thus making a wrong judgment, he is betray'd into his death; so that his own *false judgment* is the treacherous *Pallas* that deceives him. *Eustathius*.

Then

Then he. O Prince! ally'd in blood and fame,
 300 Dearer than all that own a brother's name;
 Of all that *Hecuba* to *Priam* bore,
 Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd more!
 Since you of all our num'rous race, alone
 Defend my life, regardless of your own.

305 Again the Goddess. Much my father's pray'r,
 And much my mother's, prest me to forbear:
 My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my stay,
 But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.

Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
 310 Let the steel sparkle, and the jav'lin fly;
 Or let us stretch *Achilles* on the field,
 Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.

Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before;
 The *Dardan* hero shuns his foe no more.

315 Sternly they met. The silence *Hector* broke;
 His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke.

Enough, O son of *Peleus*! *Troy* has view'd
 Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursu'd.

But

§. 317. *The speeches of Hector and of Achilles.*] There is an opposition between these speeches excellently adapted to the characters of both the heroes: That of *Hector* is full of courage, but mixt with humanity: That of *Achilles*, of resentment

But now some God within me bids me try

320 Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.

Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,

And for a moment's space suspend the day:

Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate

The just conditions of this stern debate.

325 (Eternal witnesses of all below,

And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow !)

To them I swear: if victor in the strife,

Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,

ment and arrogance: We see the great *Hector* disposing of his own remains, and that thirst of glory which has made him live with honour, now bids him provide, as *Eustatbius* observes, that what once was *Hector* may not be dishonour'd: Thus we see a sedate, calm courage, with a contempt of death, in the speeches of *Hector*. But in that of *Achilles* there is a *fiertè*, and an insolent air of superiority; his magnanimity makes him scorn to steal a victory, he bids him prepare to defend himself with all his forces: and that valour and resentment which made him desirous that he might revenge himself upon *Hector* with his own hand, and forbade the *Greeks* to interpose, now directs him not to take any advantage over a brave enemy. I think both their characters are admirably sustain'd, and tho' *Achilles* be drawn with a great violence of features, yet the picture is undoubtedly like him; and it had been the utmost absurdity to have soften'd one line upon this occasion, when the soul of *Achilles* was all on fire to revenge the death of his friend *Patroclus*. I must desire the reader to carry this observation in his memory, and particularly in that place, where *Achilles* says he could eat the very flesh of *Hector*; (tho' I have a little soften'd it in the translation,)
 v. 438.

No vile dishonour shall thy corse pursue;
 330 Stript of its arms alone (the conqu'ror's due)
 The rest to *Greece* uninjur'd I'll restore:
 Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more.
 Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
 While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes)
 335 Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
 Nor oath nor pact *Achilles* plights with thee:
 Such pacts, as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
 Such leagues, as men and furious lions join,
 To such I call the Gods! one constant state
 340 Of lasting rancour and eternal hate:
 No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife,
 Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
 Rouze then thy forces this important hour,
 Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy pow'r.
 345 No farther subterfuge, no farther chance;
 'Tis *Pallas*, *Pallas* gives thee to my lance.
 Each *Grecian* ghost by thee depriv'd of breath,
 Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.
 He spoke, and lanch'd his jav'lin at the foe;
 350 But *Hector* shun'd the meditated blow:
 He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
 Sung innocent, and spent its force in air.

Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,

Then drew, and gave to great *Achilles'* hand,

355 Unseen of *Hector*, who, elate with joy,

Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of *Troy*.

The life you boasted to that jav'lin giv'n,

Prince! you have mist. My fate depends on heav'n.

To thee (presumptuous as thou art) unknown,

360 Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own.

Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,

And with false terrors sink another's mind.

But know, whatever fate I am to try,

By no dishonest wound shall *Hector* die ;

365 I shall not fall a fugitive at least,

My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.

But first, try thou my arm ; and may this dart

End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart !

The weapon flew, its course unerring held,

370 Unerring, but the heav'nly shield repell'd

The mortal dart ; resulting with a bound

From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.

Hector beheld his jav'lin fall in vain,

Nor other lance, nor other hope remain ;

375 He calls *Deiphobus*, demands a spear,

In vain, for no *Deiphobus* was there.

All comfortless he stands: Then, with a sigh,
'Tis so—heav'n wills it, and my hour is nigh!

I deem'd *Deiphobus* had heard my call,

380 But he secure lies guarded in the wall.

A God deceiv'd me; *Pallas*, 'twas thy deed.

Death, and black fate approach! 'Tis I must bleed,

No refuge now, no succour from above,

Great *Jove* deserts me, and the son of *Jove*,

385 Propitious once, and kind! Then welcome fate!

'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great:

Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,

Let future ages hear it, and admire!

Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,

390 And, all collected, on *Achilles* flew.

So *Jove's* bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,

Stoops from the clouds to trust the quiv'ring hare.

Nor less *Achilles* his fierce soul prepares;

Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,

¶. 391. *So Jove's bold bird, &c.*] The poet takes up some time in describing the two great heroes before they close in fight: The verses are pompous and magnificent, and he illustrates his description with two beautiful similes: He makes a double use of this conduct, which not only raises our imagination to attend to so momentous an action, but by lengthening his narration keeps the mind in a pleasing suspense, and divides it between hopes and fears for the fate of *Hector* or *Achilles*.

395 Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
 The gilded horsehair sparkled in the sun,
 Nodding at ev'ry step: (*Vulcanian* frame)
 And as he mov'd, his figure seem'd on flame.
 As radiant *Hesper* shines with keener light,
 400 Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,
 When all the starry train emblaze the sphere:
 So shone the point of great *Achilles'* spear.
 In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
 Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound;
 405 But the rich mail *Patroclus* lately wore,
 Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er.
 One place at length he spies, to let in fate,
 Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
 Gave entrance: Thro' that penetrable part
 410 Furious he drove the well-directed dart:

* 409. Thro' that penetrable part Furious he drove, &c.] It was necessary that the poet should be very particular in this point, because the arms that *Hector* wore, were the arms of *Achilles*, taken from *Patroclus*; and consequently, as they were the work of *Vulcan*, they would preserve *Hector* from the possibility of a wound: The poet therefore to give an air of probability to his story, tells us that they were *Patroclus* his arms, and as they were not made for *Hector*, they might not exactly fit his body: So that it is not improbable but there might be some place about the neck of *Hector* so open, as to admit the spear of *Achilles*. *Eustatbius*.

Nor

Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the pow'r
Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.

Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While thus triumphing, stern *Achilles* cries.

415 At last is *Hector* stretch'd upon the plain,

Who fear'd no vengeance for *Patroclus* slain:

Then, Prince! you should have fear'd, what now you feel;
Achilles absent, was *Achilles* still.

Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,

420 Then low in dust thy strength and glory lay'd.

Peaceful He sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,

For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:

While cast to all the rage of hostile pow'r,

Thee, birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.

425 Then *Hector* fainting at th' approach of death.

By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!

By all the sacred prevalence of pray'r;

Ah, leave me not for *Grecian* dogs to tear!

The common rites of sepulture bestow,

430 To sooth a father's and a mother's woe;

Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,

And *Hector's* ashes in his country rest.

No, wretch accurst! relentless he replies,

(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes)

Not

435 Not those who gave me breath shou'd bid me spare,
 Nor all the sacred prevalence of pray'r.
 Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
 No—to the dogs that carcase I resign.
 Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,
 440 And giving thousands, offer thousands more;
 Should *Dardan Priam*, and his weeping dame
 Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral flame;
 Their *Hector* on the pile they should not see,
 Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.

Y. 437. *Could I myself the bloody banquet join !*] I have before hinted that there is something very fierce and violent in this passage ; but I fancy that what I there observ'd will justify *Homer* in his relation, though not *Achilles* in his savage sentiments : Yet the poet softens the expression by making *Achilles* only wish that his heart would permit him to devour him : This is much more tolerable than a passage in the *Thebais* of *Statius*, where *Tydeus* in the very pangs of death is represented as gnawing the head of his enemy.

Y. 439. *Should Troy, to bribe me, &c.*] Such resolutions as *Achilles* here makes, are very natural to men in anger ; he tells *Hector* that no motives shall ever prevail with him to suffer his body to be ransom'd ; yet when time had cool'd his heat, and he had somewhat satisfy'd his revenge by insulting his remains, he restores them to *Priam*. This perfectly agrees with his conduct in the ninth book, where at first he gives a rough denial, and afterwards softens into an easier temper. And this is very agreeable to the nature of *Achilles* ; his anger abates very slowly ; it is stubborn, yet still it remits : Had the poet drawn him as never to be pacify'd, he had outrag'd nature, and not represented his hero as a man, but as a monster. *Eustathius*.

Then

445 Then thus the chief his dying accents drew ;
 Thy rage, implacable ! too well I knew :
 The furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
 And curst thee with a heart that cannot yield.
 Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree
 450 And angry Gods, shall wreak this wrong on thee ;
Phœbus and *Paris* shall avenge my fate,
 And stretch thee here, before this *Scean* gate.

He ceas'd. The fates suppress'd his lab'ring breath,
 And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death ;
 455 To the dark realm the spirit wings its way,
 (The manly body left a load of clay)
 And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
 A naked, wandring, melancholy ghost!

Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
 460 O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies.
 Die thou the first ! When *Jove* and heav'n ordain,
 I follow thee—He said, and stripp'd the slain.

†. 449. *A day will come—*] *Hector* prophesies at his death that *Achilles* shall fall by the hand of *Paris*. This confirms an observation made in a former note, that the words of dying men were look'd upon as prophecies ; but whether such conjectures are true or false, it appears from hence, that such opinions have prevail'd in the world above three thousand years.

Then

Then forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking jav'lin, cast it on the ground.

465 The thronging *Greeks* behold with wond'ring eyes

His manly beauty and superiour size :

While some ignobler, the great dead deface

With wounds ungen'rous, or with taunts disgrace.

" How chang'd that *Hector* ! who like *Jove* of late,

470 " Sent light'ning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate?

High o'er the slain the great *Achilles* stands,

Begirt with heroes, and surrounding bands;

ψ. 467. *The great dead deface With wounds, &c.*] *Eustatbius* tells us that *Homer* introduces the soldiers wounding the dead body of *Hector*, in order to mitigate the cruelties which *Achilles* exercises upon it. For if every common soldier takes a pride in giving him a wound, what insults may we not expect from the inexorable, inflam'd *Achilles* ? But I must confess myself unable to vindicate the poet in giving us such an idea of his countrymen. I think the former courage of their enemy should have been so far from moving them to revenge, that it should have recommended him to their esteem : What *Achilles* afterwards acts is suitable to his character, and consequently the poet is justify'd ; but surely all the *Greeks* are not of his temper ? *Patroclus* was not so dear to them all, as he was to *Achilles*. 'Tis true the poet represents *Achilles*, (as *Eustatbius* observes) enumerating the many ills they had suffer'd from *Hector* ; and seems to endeavour to infect the whole army with his resentment. Had *Hector* been living, they had been acted by a generous indignation against him : But these men seem as if they only dared approach him dead ; in short, what they say over his body is a mean insult, and the stabs they give it are cowardly and barbarous.

And

And thus aloud, while all the host attends.

Princes and Leaders! Countrymen and friends!

475 Since now at length the pow'rful will of heav'n

The dire destroyer to our arm has giv'n,

Is not *Troy* fall'n already? Haste, ye pow'rs!

See, if already their deserted tow'rs

Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain

480 The souls of heroes, their great *Hector* slain?

But what is *Troy*, or glory what to me?

Or why reflects my mind on ought but thee,

Divine *Patroclus*! Death has seal'd his eyes;

Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies!

ψ. 474. *The speech of Achilles.*] We have a very fine observation of *Eustathius* on this place, that the judgment and address of *Homer* here is extremely worthy of remark: He knew, and had often said, that the gods and fate had not granted *Achilles* the glory of taking *Troy*: There was then no reason to make him march against the town after the death of *Hector*, since all his efforts must have been ineffectual. What has the poet done in this conjuncture? It was but reasonable that the first thought of *Achilles* should be to march directly to *Troy*, and to profit himself of the general consternation into which the death of *Hector* had thrown the *Trojans*. We here see he knows the duty, and does not want the ability, of a great General; but after this on a sudden he changes his design, and derives a plausible pretence from the impatience he has to pay the last devours to his friend. The manners of *Achilles*, and what he has already done for *Patroclus*, make this very natural. At the same time, this turning off to the tender and pathetick has a fine effect; the reader in the very fury of the hero's vengeance, perceives, that *Achilles* is still a man, and capable of softer passions.

Can

- 485 Can his dear image from my soul depart,
 Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
 If, in the melancholy shades below,
 The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
 Yet mine shall sacred last; mine, undecay'd,
 490 Burn on thro' death, and animate my shade.
 Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring
 The corps of *Hector*, and your *Pæans* sing.
 Be this the song, slow-moving tow'rd the shore,
 " *Hector* is dead, and *Ilion* is no more.
 495 Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred,
 (Unworthy of himself, and of the dead)

The

v. 494. " *Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more.*] I have follow'd the opinion of *Eustatbius*, who thought that what *Achilles* says here was the *chorus* or burden of a song of triumph, in which his troops bear a part with him, as he returns from this glorious combat. *Dacier* observes that this is very correspondent to the manners of those times; and instances in that passage of the book of *Kings*, when *David* returns from the conquest of *Goliath*: The women there go out to meet him from all the cities of *Israel*, and sing a triumphal song, the *chorus* whereof is, *Saul has kill'd his thousands, and David his ten thousands.*

v. 496. *Unworthy of himself, and of the dead.*] This inhumanity of *Achilles* in dragging the dead body of *Hector*, has been severely (and I think indeed not without some justice) censur'd by several, both ancients and moderns. *Plato* in his third book *de Republica*, speaks of it with detestation: But methinks it is a great injustice to *Homer*, to reflect upon the morals of the author himself, for things which he only paints as the manners of a vicious hero.

It

The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
 With thongs inserted thro' the double wound;
 These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
 oo His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
 Proud on his car th' insulting victor stood,
 And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
 He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
 The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.

It may justly be observ'd in general of all *Plato's* objections against *Homer*, that they are still in a view to morality, constantly blaming him for representing ill and immoral things as the opinions or actions of his persons. To every one of these, one general answer will serve, which is, that *Homer* as often describes ill things, in order to make us avoid them, as good, to induce us to follow them (which is the case with all writers whatever.) But what is extremely remarkable, and evidently shews the injustice of *Plato's* censure is, that many of those very actions for which he blames him are expressly characterized and marked by *Homer* himself as evil and detestable, by previous expressions or cautions. Thus in the present place, before he describes this barbarity of *Achilles*, he tells us it was a most unworthy action.

——Καὶ Ἐκτορα δῖον ἀεικέα μὴδέϊο ἔρφα.

When *Achilles* sacrifices the twelve young *Trojans* in l. 23. he repeats the same words. When *Pandarus* broke the truce in l. 4. he told us it was a mad, unjust deed;

——τῷ δὲ Φρένας ἄφρονι πείθεν.

And so of the rest.

Now

505 Now lost is all that formidable air ;
 The face divine, and long-descending hair
 Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand ;
 Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land !
 Giv'n to the rage of an insulting throng !

510 And, in his parent's fight, now dragg'd along !

The mother first beheld with sad survey ;
 She rent her tresses, venerably grey,
 And cast, far off, the regal veils away.

With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
 515 While the sad father answers groans with groans,
 Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
 And the whole city wears one face of woe.
 No less than if the rage of hostile fires
 From her foundations curling to her spires,

†. 506. *The face divine, and long-descending hair.*] It is impossible to read the actions of great men without having our curiosity rais'd to know the least circumstance that relates to them. *Homer*, to satisfy it, has taken care in the process of his poem to give us the shape of his heroes, and the very colour of their hair; thus he has told us that *Achilles's* locks were yellow, and here the epithet *Κυάνας* shews us that those of *Hector* were of a darker colour: As to his person, he told us a little above that it was so handsome, that all the *Greeks* were surpriz'd to see it. *Plutarch* recites a remarkable story of the beauty of *Hector*: It was reported in *Lacedæmon*, that a handsome youth who very much resembled *Hector*, was arrived there; immediately the whole city run in such numbers to behold him, that he was trampled to death by the croud. *Eustathius*.

O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,
And the last blaze send *Ilion* to the skies.
The wretched monarch of the falling state
Distracted, presses to the *Dardan* gate.
Scarce the whole people stop his desp'rate course,
While strong affliction gives the feeble force:
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun:
Imploring all, and naming one by one.
Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls;
I, only I, will issue from your walls,
(Guide or companion, friends! I ask ye none)
And bow before the murd'rer of my son.
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at least he may respect my age.
He has a father too; a man like me;
One, not exempt from age and misery,
(Vig'rous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this pest of me, and all my race.)
How many valiant sons, in early bloom,
Has that curst hand sent headlong to the tomb?

Thee,

Thee, *Hector*! last: Thy loss (divinely brave)
 Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
 Oh had thy gentle spirit past in peace,
 545 The son expiring in the fire's embrace,
 While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
 And bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender show'r!
 Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
 To melt in full satiety of grief!
 550 Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the ground,
 And all the eyes of *Ilium* stream'd around.
 Amidst her matrons *Hecuba* appears,
 (A mourning Princess, and a train in tears)
 Ah why has heav'n prolong'd this hated breath,
 555 Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?

* 543. Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.] It is in
 the Greek,

"Ου μ' ἄχος ὀξὺ καλοῖσέαι αἶδος εἶσω.

It is needless to observe to the reader with what a beautiful *pathos*
 the wretched father laments his son *Hector*: It is impossible not
 to join with *Priam* in his sorrows. But what I would chiefly
 point out to my reader, is the beauty of this line, which is par-
 ticularly tender, and almost word for word the same with that of
 the Patriarch *Jacob*; who upon a like occasion breaks out into
 the same complaint, and tells his children, that if they deprive
 him of his son *Benjamin*, they will bring down his grey hairs
 with sorrow to the grave.

O *Hector*! late thy parent's pride and joy,
 The boast of nations! the defence of *Troy*!
 To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd,
 Her Chief, her Hero, and almost her God!

60 O fatal change! become in one sad day

A senseless corse! inanimated clay!

But not as yet the fatal news had spread
 To fair *Andromache*, of *Hector* dead;

As yet no messenger had told his fate,

65 Nor ev'n his stay without the *Scaan* gate.

Far in the close recesses of the dome,

Pensive she ply'd the melancholy loom;

A growing work employ'd her secret hours,

Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs.

70 Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,

The bath preparing for her Lord's return:

ψ. 563, &c.] The grief of *Andromache*, which is painted in the following part, is far beyond all the praises that can be given it; but I must take notice of one particular which shews the great art of the poet. In order to make the wife of *Hector* appear yet more afflicted than his parents, he has taken care to encrease her affliction by *surprize*: It is finely prepared by the circumstances of her being retired to her innermost apartment, of her employment in weaving a robe for her husband (as may be conjectur'd from what she says afterward, ψ. 657.) and of her maids preparing the bath for his return: All which (as the criticks have observed) augment the surprize, and render this reverse of fortune much more dreadful and afflicting.

In

In vain: Alas! her Lord returns no more!

Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore!

Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,

575 And all her members shake with sudden fear;

Forth from her iv'ry hand the shuttle falls,

As thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls.

Ah follow me! (she cry'd) what plaintive noise

Invades my ear? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.

580 My falt'ring knees their trembling frame desert,

A pulse unusual flutters at my heart.

Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate

(Ye Gods avert it) threatens the *Trojan* state.

Far be the Omen which my thoughts suggest!

585 But much I fear, my *Hector's* dauntless breast

Confronts *Achilles*; chas'd along the plain,

Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!

Safe in the croud he ever scorn'd to wait,

And fought for glory in the jaws of fate:

590 Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,

Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.

She spoke; and furious, with distracted pace,

Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,

Flies thro' the dome, (the maids her steps pursue)

595 And mounts the walls, and sends around her view.

Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
 The god-like *Hector* dragg'd along the ground.
 A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes:
 She faints, she falls; her breath, her colour flies.
 600 Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
 The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,

✓. 600. *Her hair's fair ornaments.*] *Eustathius* remarks, that in speaking of *Andromache* and *Hecuba*, *Homer* expatiates upon the ornaments of dress in *Andromache*, because she was a beautiful young princess; but is very concise about that of *Hecuba*, because she was old, and wore a dress rather suitable to her age and gravity, than to her state, birth, and condition. I cannot pass over a matter of such importance as a Lady's dress, without endeavouring to explain what sort of heads were worn above three thousand years ago.

It is difficult to describe particularly every ornament mention'd by the poet, but I shall lay before my female readers the Bishop's explanation. The Ἀμπυξ was used, τὸ τὰς ἐμπροσθίας τρίχας ἀναδέιν, that is, to tie backwards the hair that grew on the fore-part of the head: The Κεκρύφαλος was a veil of network that cover'd the hair when it was so ty'd: Ἀναδέσμη was an ornament us'd κύκλῳ περὶ τὰς κροτάφους ἀναδεῖν to tie backwards the hair that grew on the temples; and the Κρήδεμνον was a fillet, perhaps embroider'd with gold, (from the expression of χρυσῇ Αφροδίτῃ) that bound the whole, and compleated the dress.

The Ladies cannot but be pleas'd to see so much learning and Greek upon this important subject.

Homer is in nothing more excellent than in that distinction of characters which he maintains through his whole poem: What *Andromache* here says, cannot be spoken properly by any but *Andromache*: There is nothing general in her sorrows, nothing that can be transfer'd to another character: The mother laments the son, and the wife weeps over the husband.

The veil and diadem, flew far away ;

(The gift of *Venus* on her bridal day)

Around, a train of weeping sisters stands,

605 To raise her sinking with assistant hands.

Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again

She faints, or but recovers to complain.

O wretched husband of a wretched wife!

Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!

610 For sure one star its baneful beam display'd

On *Priam's* roof, and *Hippoplacia's* shade.

From diff'rent parents, diff'rent climes we came,

At diff'rent periods, yet our fate the same!

Why was my birth to great *Aëtion* ow'd,

615 And why was all that tender care bestow'd?

Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghost

Of my dead husband! miserably lost!

Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!

And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!

620 An only child, once comfort of my pains,

Sad product now of hapless love remains!

No more to smile upon his Sire! no friend

To help him now! no father to defend!

For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom,

625 What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come?

Ev'n

Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
 Some stranger plows his patrimonial field.
 The day, that to the shades the father sends,
 Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends:
 630 He, wretched outcast of mankind! appears
 For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears;
 Amongst the happy, unregarded he,
 Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,

ψ. 628. *The day, that to the shades, &c.*] The following verses, which so finely describe the condition of an orphan, have been rejected by some ancient criticks: It is a proof there were always criticks of no manner of taste; it being impossible any where to meet with a more exquisite passage. I will venture to say, there are not in all *Homer* any lines more worthy of him: The beauty of this tender and compassionate image is such, that it even makes amends for the many cruel ones, with which the *Iliad* is too much stained. These censurers imagined this description to be of too abject and mean a nature for one of the quality of *Astyanax*; but had they considered (says *Eustathius*) that these are the words of a fond mother who fear'd every thing for her son, that women are by nature timorous, and think all misfortunes will happen, because there is a possibility that they may; that *Andromache* is in the very height of her sorrows, in the instant she is speaking; I fancy they would have alter'd their opinion.

It is undoubtedly an aggravation to our misfortunes when they sink us in a moment from the highest flow of prosperity to the lowest adversity: The Poet judiciously makes use of this circumstance, the more to excite our pity, and introduces the mother with the utmost tenderness, lamenting this reverse of fortune in her son; chang'd all at once into a slave, a beggar, an orphan! Have we not examples in our own times of such unhappy Princes, whose condition renders this of *Astyanax* but too probable?

- While those his father's former bounty fed,
 635 Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread:
 The kindest but his present wants allay,
 To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
 Frugal compassion! Heedless they who boast
 Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
 640 Shall cry, "Be gone! thy father feasts not here:
 The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
 Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
 To my sad soul *Astyanax* appears!
 Forc'd by repeated insults to return,
 645 And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
 He, who with tender delicacy bred,
 With Princes sported, and on dainties fed,
 And when still ev'ning gave him up to rest,
 Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,
 650 Must—ah what must he not? Whom *Ilion* calls
Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,

[*v. 647. On dainties fed.*] It is in the Greek, "Who upon
 "his father's knees us'd to eat marrow and the fat of sheep.
 This would seem gross if it were literally translated, but it is a
 figurative expression; in the style of the orientals, marrow and
 fatness are taken for whatever is best, tenderest, and most deli-
 cious. Thus in *Job* xxi. 24. *Viscera ejus plena sunt adipe &*
medullis ossa ejus irrigantur. And xxxvi. 16. *Requies autem mensæ*
tuæ erit plena pinguedine. In *Jer.* xxxi. 14. God says, that he
 will satiate the soul of the priests with fatness. *Inebriabo ani-*
mam sacerdotum pinguedine. Dacier.

Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
 Since now no more the father guards his *Troy*.
 But thou, my *Hector*, ly'ft expos'd in air,
 655 Far from thy parent's and thy consort's care,
 Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
 The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
 Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
 Useless to thee, from this accursed day!
 660 Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,
 An honour to the living, not the dead!
 So spake the mournful dame: Her matrons hear,
 Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

ψ. 657. *The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.*] This idea very naturally offers itself to a woman, who represents to herself the body of her husband dash'd to pieces, and all his limbs dragg'd upon the ground uncover'd; and nothing is more proper to excite pity. 'Tis well known that it was anciently the custom among princesses and great ladies to have large quantities of stuffs and moveables. This provision was more necessary in those times than now, because of the great consumption made of them on those occasions of mourning. *Dacier.*

I am of opinion that *Homer* had a farther view in expatiating thus largely upon the death of *Hector*. Every word that *Hecuba*, *Priam*, and *Andromache* speak, shews us the importance of *Hector*: Every word adds a weight to the concluding action of the poem, and at the same time represents the sad effects of the Anger of *Achilles*, which is the subject of it.



THE
TWENTY-THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ILLIAD.



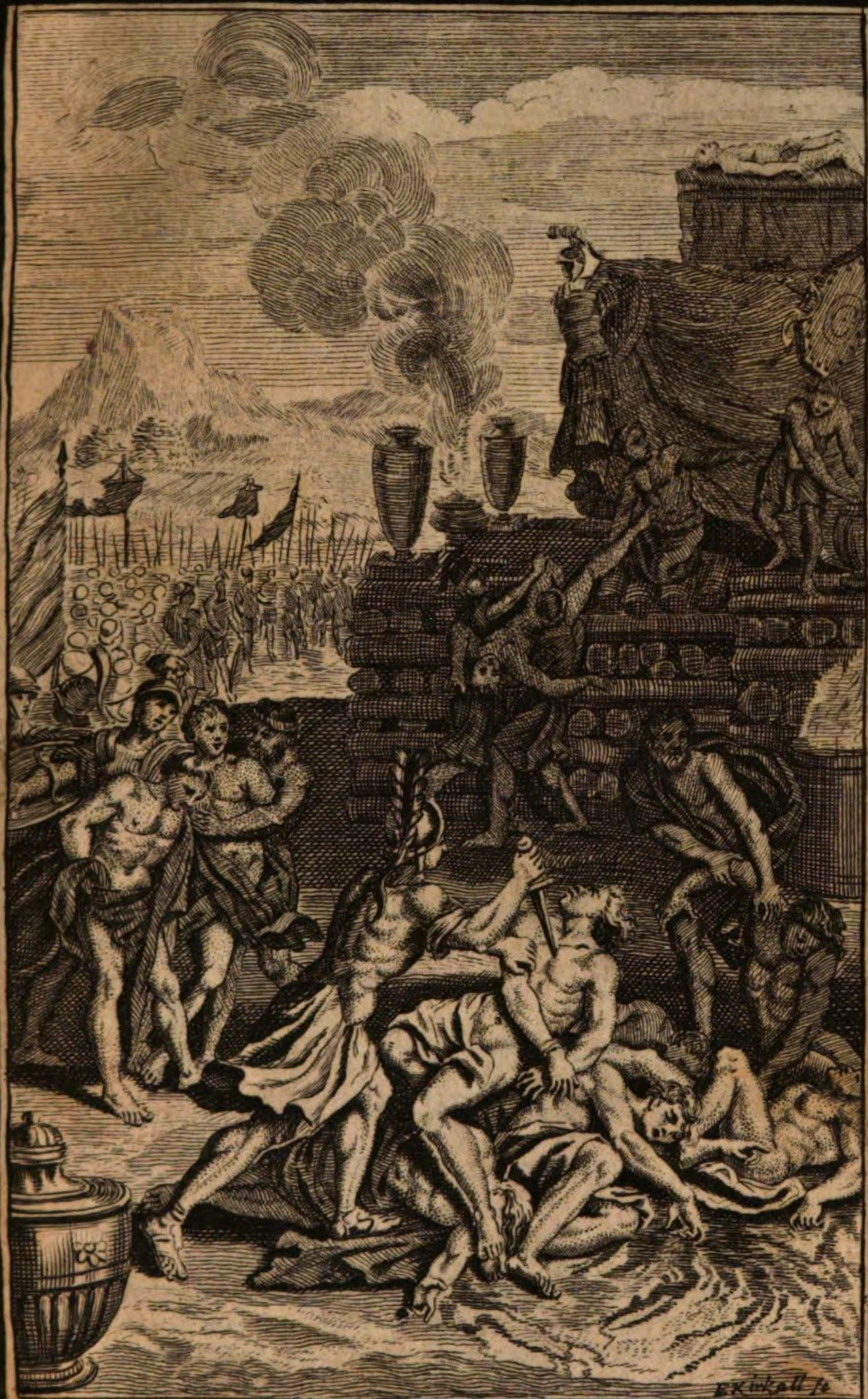


The A R G U M E N T.

ACHILLES and the Myrmidons do honours to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast he retires to the sea-shore, where falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several Animals, and lastly, twelve Trojan captives at the pile, then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flames. When the pile has burn'd all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games: The chariot-race, the fight of the Cæstus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combate, the Discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: The various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day: The night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: The one and thirtieth day is employ'd in felling the timber for the pile; the two and thirtieth in burning it; and the three and thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-shore.

THE



Achille's after having taken a severe Revenge upon Hector for the Death of his dear Patroclus, causes Magnificent Funeral Rites to be perform'd for him; where in are sacrific'd to his Manes, twelve young Trojans of noble Birth, a Tomb is erected for him, & Games celebrated in Honour of him. B. XIII.

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THE
* TWENTY-THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ILLIAD.

THUS humbled in the dust, the pensive
train
Thro' the sad city mourn'd her hero slain.

The body soil'd with dust, and black with gore,

Lies on broad *Hellepont*'s resounding shore:

The

* This, and the following book, which contain the description of the funeral of *Patroclus* and other matters relating to *Hector*, are undoubtedly super-added to the grand catastrophe of the poem; for the story is compleatly finish'd with the death of that hero in the twenty-second book. Many judicious criticks have been of opinion, that *Homer* is blameable for protracting

5 The *Grecians* seek their ships, and clear the strand,
 All, but the martial *Myrmidonian* band:
 These yet assembled great *Achilles* holds,
 And the stern purpose of his mind unfolds.

It. *Virgil* closes the whole scene of action with the death of *Turnus*, and leaves the rest to be imagin'd by the mind of the reader: He does not draw the picture at full length, but delineates it so far, that we cannot fail of imagining the whole draught. There is however one thing to be said in favour of *Homer*, which may perhaps justify him in his method, that what he undertook to paint was the *Anger of Achilles*: And as that Anger does not die with *Hector*, but persecutes his very remains, so the Poet still keeps up to his subject; nay, it seems to require that he should carry down the relation of that resentment, which is the foundation of his poem, till it is fully satisfy'd: And as this survives *Hector*, and gives the poet an opportunity of still shewing many sad effects of *Achilles's* Anger, the two following books may be thought not to be excrescencies, but essential to the Poem.

Virgil had been inexcusable had he trod in *Homer's* footsteps; for it is evident that the fall of *Turnus*, by giving *Aeneas* a full power over *Italy*, answers the whole design and intention of the poem; had he gone farther, he had overshot his mark: And tho' *Homer* proceeds after *Hector's* death, yet the subject is still the *Anger of Achilles*.

We are now past the war and violence of the *Ilias*, the scenes of blood are closed during the rest of the poem; we may look back with a pleasing kind of horror upon the Anger of *Achilles*, and see what dire effects it has wrought in the compass of nineteen days: *Troy* and *Greece* are both in mourning for it, Heaven and Earth, Gods and Men, have suffer'd in the conflict. The reader seems landed upon the shore after a violent storm; and has leisure to survey the consequences of the tempest, and the wreck occasion'd by the former commotions, *Troy* weeping for *Hector*, and *Greece* for *Patroclus*. Our passions have been in an agitation since the opening of the poem; wherefore the poet, like some great master in music, softens his notes, and melts his readers into tenderness and pity.

Not yet (my brave companions of the war)
 10 Release your smoaking courfers from the car;
 But, with his chariot each in order led,
 Perform due honours to *Patroclus* dead.
 E'er yet from rest or food we seek relief,
 Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.
 15 The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
 (*Achilles* first) their courfers round the dead;
 And thrice their sorrows and laments renew;
 Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bedew.

For

ψ. 18. *Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bedew,—*
 ———— *Thetis aids their woe———*]

It is not easy to give a reason why *Thetis* should be said to excite the grief of the *Myrmidons* and of *Achilles*; it had seem'd more natural for the mother to have compos'd the sorrows of the son, and restor'd his troubled mind to tranquillity.

But such a procedure would have outrag'd the character of *Achilles*, who is all along describ'd to be of such a violence of temper, that he is not easy to be pacify'd at any time, much less upon so great an incident as the death of his friend *Patroclus*. Perhaps the Poet made use of this fiction in honour of *Achilles*; he makes every passion of his hero considerable, his sorrow as well as anger is important, and he cannot grieve but a Goddess attends him, and a whole army weeps.

Some commentators fancy'd that *Homer* animates the very sands of the seas, and the arms of the *Myrmidons*, and makes them sensible of the loss of *Patroclus*; the preceding words seem to strengthen that opinion, because the poet introduces a Goddess to raise the sorrow of the army. But *Eustathius* seems not to give into this conjecture, and I think very judiciously; for what relation is there between the sands of the shores, and the arms of the *Myrmidons*? It would have been

For such a warrior *Thetis* aids their woe,
 20 Melts their strong hearts, and bids their eyes to flow.
 But chief, *Pelides*: thick-succeeding sighs
 Burst from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:
 His slaughter'ring hands, yet red with blood, he laid
 On his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said.

more poetical to have said, the sands and the rocks, than the sands and the arms; but it is very natural to say, that the soldiers wept so bitterly, that their armour and the very sands were wet with their tears. I believe this remark will appear very just by reading the verse, with a comma after τεύχεα, thus,

Δεύοντο ψάμαθοι, δεύοντο δὲ τεύχεα, Φωίων
 Δάκρυσι.

Then the construction will be natural and easy, period will answer period in the *Greek*, and the sense in *English* will be, the sands were wet, and the arms were wet, with the tears of the mourners.

But however this be, there is a very remarkable beauty in the run of the verse in *Homer*, every word has a melancholy cadence, and the Poet has not only made the sands and the arms, but even his very verse, to lament with *Achilles*.

ψ. 23. His slaughter'ring hands, yet red with blood, he laid
 On his dead friend's cold breast———]

I could not pass by this passage without observing to my reader the great beauty of this epithet, ἀνδροφόνος. An ordinary poet would have contented himself with saying, he laid his hand upon the breast of *Patroclus*; but *Homer* knows how to raise the most trivial circumstance, and by adding this one word, he laid his deadly hands, or his murderous hands, he fills our minds with great ideas, and by a single epithet recalls to our thoughts all the noble achievements of *Achilles* through the *Iliad*.

25 All hail, *Patroclus*! let thy honour'd ghost
 Hear, and rejoice on *Pluto's* dreary coast;
 Behold! *Achilles'* promise is compleat;
 The bloody *Hector* stretch'd before thy feet.
 Lo! to the dogs his carcass I resign;
 30 And twelve sad victims of the *Trojan* line
 Sacred to vengeance, instant shall expire,
 Their lives effus'd around thy fun'ral pyre.
 Gloomy he said, and (horrible to view)
 Before the bier the bleeding *Hector* threw,
 35 Prone on the dust. The *Myrmidons* around
 Unbrac'd their armour, and the steeds unbound.
 All to *Achilles'* sable ship repair,
 Frequent and full, the genial feast to share.
 Now from the well-fed swine black smokes aspire,
 40 The bristly victims hissing o'er the fire;
 The huge ox bellowing falls; with feeble cries
 Expires the goat; the sheep in silence dies.
 Around the hero's prostrate body flow'd
 In one promiscuous stream, the reeking blood.

y. 25. *All hail, Patroclus, &c.* There is in this apostrophe
 of *Achilles* to the ghost of *Patroclus*, a sort of savageness, and
 a mixture of softness and atrocity, which are high, conform-
 able to his character. *Dacier*.

And

45 And now a band of *Argive* Monarchs brings
 The glorious Victor to the King of Kings.
 From his dead friend the pensive warrior went,
 With steps unwilling, to the regal tent.
 Th' attending heralds, as by office bound,
 50 With kindled flames the tripod-vase surround ;
 To cleanse his conqu'ring hands from hostile gore,
 They urg'd in vain ; the chief refus'd, and swore.
 No drop shall touch me, by almighty *Jove* !
 The first and greatest of the Gods above !
 55 Till on the pyre I place thee ; till I rear
 The grassy mound, and clip thy sacred hair.
 Some ease at least those pious rites may give,
 And sooth my sorrows, while I bear to live.
 Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I stay,
 60 And share your feast ; but, with the dawn of day,
 (O King of men !) it claims thy royal care,
 That *Greece* the warrior's fun'ral pile prepare,

* 51. *To cleanse his conqu'ring hands——*
 ——*The chief refus'd——*]

This is conformable to the custom of the orientals : *Achilles* will not be induc'd to wash, and afterwards retires to the sea-shore, and sleeps on the ground. It is just thus that *David* mourns in the scriptures ; he refuses to wash, or to take any repast, but retires from company, and lies upon the earth.

And

And bid the forests fall : (Such rites are paid
To heroes slumb'ring in eternal shade)

65 Then, when his earthly part shall mount in fire,
Let the leagu'd squadrons to their posts retire.

He spoke ; they hear him, and the word obey ;
—The rage of hunger and of thirst allay,
Then ease in sleep the labours of the day.

70 But great *Pelides*, stretch'd along the shore
Where dash'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
Lies inly groaning ; while on either hand
The martial *Myrmidons* confus'dly stand :
Along the grass his languid members fall,

75 Tir'd with his chase around the *Trojan* wall ;
Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep.
When lo ! the shade before his closing eyes
Of sad *Patroclus* rose, or seem'd to rise ;

¶. 78. *The ghost of Patroclus.*] *Homer* has introduc'd into the former parts of the poem the personages of Gods and Goddesses from heaven, and of Furies from hell : He has embellish'd it with ornaments from earth, sea, and air ; and he here opens a new scene, and brings to the view a ghost, the shade of the departed friend : By these methods he diversifies his poem with new and surprizing circumstances, and awakens the attention of the reader ; at the same time he very poetically adapts his language to the circumstances of this imaginary *Patroclus*, and teaches us the opinions that prevail'd in his time, concerning the state of separate souls,

In

80 In the same robe he living wore, he came,

In stature, voice, and pleasing look, the same.

The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,

And sleeps *Achilles* (thus the phantom said)

Sleeps my *Achilles*, his *Patroclus* dead?

85 Living, I seem'd his dearest, tend'rest care,

But now forgot, I wander in the air :

Let my pale corse the rites of burial know,

And give me entrance in the realms below:

Till then, the spirit finds no resting place,

90 But here and there th' unbody'd spectres chace

The vagrant dead around the dark abode,

Forbid to cross th' irremeable flood.

Now

γ. 92. *Forbid to cross th' irremeable flood.*] It was the common opinion of the ancients, that the souls of the departed were not admitted into the number of the happy till their bodies had receiv'd the funeral rites; they suppos'd those that wanted them wander'd an hundred years before they were wafted over the infernal river: *Virgil* perhaps had this passage of *Homer* in his view in the sixth *Æneis*, at least he coincides with his sentiments concerning the state of the departed souls.

Hæc omnis, quam cernis inops inhumataque turba est :
Nec ripas datur horrendas, nec rauca fluenta
Transportare prius, quam sedibus ossa quierunt ;
Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc littora circum ;
Tum demum admissi stagna exoptata revisunt.

It was during this interval, between death and the rites of funeral, that they suppos'd the only time allow'd for separate

Now give thy hand; for to the farther shore
 When once we pass, the soul retains no more.
 95 When once the last funereal flames ascend,
 No more shall meet, *Achilles* and his friend,
 No more our thoughts to those we lov'd make known,
 Or quit the dearest to converse alone.
 Me fate has sever'd from the sons of earth,
 100 The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth:
 Thee too it waits; before the *Trojan* wall
 Ev'n great and god-like thou art doom'd to fall.
 Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,
 Ah suffer that my bones may rest with thine!

Together

rate spirits to appear to men; therefore *Patroclus* here tells his friend,

——— *To the farther shore
 When once we pass, the soul returns no more.*

For the fuller understanding of *Homer*, it is necessary to be acquainted with his notion of the state of the soul after death: He follow'd the philosophy of the *Ægyptians*, who suppos'd man to be compounded of three parts, an intelligent mind, a vehicle for that mind, and a body; the mind they call *φρην*, or *ψυχῇ*, the vehicle *εἰδωλον*, image or soul, and the gross body *σῶμα*. The soul, in which the mind was lodg'd, was suppos'd exactly to resemble the body in shape, magnitude, and features; for this being in the body as the statue in its mold, so soon as it goes forth is properly the image of that body in which it was enclos'd: This it was that appear'd to *Achilles*, with the full resemblance of his friend *Patroclus*. *Vid. Dacier's life of Pythagoras, p. 71.*

ψ. 104. *Ah suffer that my bones may rest with thine.*] There is something very pathetical in this whole speech of *Patroclus*; he begins it with kind reproaches, and blames *Achilles* with a friendly

105 Together have we liv'd, together bred,
 One house receiv'd us, and one table fed;
 That golden urn thy Goddess-mother gave,
 May mix our ashes in one common grave.

And is it thou? (he answers) to my fight

110 Once more return'st thou from the realms of night?

Oh more than brother! Think each office paid,

Whate'er can rest a discontented shade;

But grant one last embrace, unhappy boy!

Afford at least that melancholy joy.

115 He said, and with his longing arms essay'd

In vain to grasp the visionary shade;

Like a thin smoke he sees the spirit fly,

And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.

friendly tenderness; he recounts to him the inseparable affection that had been between them in their lives, and makes it his last request, that they may not be parted even in death, but that their bones may rest in the same urn. The speech itself is of a due length; it ought not to be very short, because this apparition is an incident entirely different from any other in the whole poem, and consequently the reader would not have been satisfy'd with a cursory mention of it; neither ought it to be long, because this would have been contrary to the nature of such apparitions, whose stay upon earth has ever been describ'd as very short, and consequently they cannot be suppos'd to use many words.

The circumstance of being buried in the same urn, is entirely conformable to the eastern custom: There are innumerable instances in the scriptures of great personages being buried with their fathers: So *Joseph* would not suffer his bones to rest in *Ægypt*, but commands his brethren to carry them into *Canaan*, to the burying-place of his father *Jacob*.

Confus'd

Confus'd he wakes ; amazement breaks the bands
 120 Of golden sleep, and starting from the sands,
 Pensive he muses with uplifted hands.

'Tis true, 'tis certain ; man, tho' dead, retains
 Part of himself ; th' immortal mind remains :
 The form subsists, without the body's aid,
 125 Aëreal semblance, and an empty shade!

This

ψ. 124. *The form subsists, without the body's aid,
 Aëreal semblance, and an empty shade.]*

The words of Homer are,

Ἀτὰρ Φρένες ἔνι πάντα.

In which there seems to be a great difficulty ; it being not easy to explain how *Achilles* can say that the Ghost of his friend had no understanding, when it had but just made such a rational and moving speech ; especially when the poet introduces the apparition with the very shape, air, and voice of *Patroclus*.

But this passage will be clearly understood, by explaining the notion which the ancients entertain'd of the souls of the departed, according to the fore-cited triple division of *mind*, *image*, and *body*. They imagin'd that the soul was not only separated from the body at the hour of death, but that there was a farther separation of the Φρῆν, or understanding, from its εἰδωλον, or vehicle ; so that while the εἰδωλον, or image of the body, was in hell, the Φρῆν, or understanding, might be in heaven : And that this is a true explication, is evident from a passage in the *Odyssy*, book II. ψ. 600.

Τὸν δὲ μετ', εἰσενόησα βίην, Ἡρακλειήν
 εἰδωλον· αὐτὸς δὲ μετ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι
 Τέρπειαι ἐν θαλάῃς, καὶ ἔχει καλλίσφυρον Ἥβην.

Now I the strength of Hercules behold,
 A tow'ring spectre of gigantick mold ;

This night my friend, so late in battel lost,
 Stood at my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost;
 Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,
 Alas how diff'rent! yet how like the same!

130 Thus while he spoke, each eye grew big with tears:
 And now the rosy-finger'd morn appears,
 Shews every mournful face with tears o'erspread,
 And glares on the pale visage of the dead.
 But *Agamemnon*, as the rites demand,
 135 With mules and waggon's sends a chosen band;
 To load the timber, and the pile to rear,
 A charge consign'd to *Merion's* faithful care.

*A shadowy form! for high in heav'n's abodes
 Himself resides, a God among the Gods:
 There in the bright assemblies of the skies
 He Nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.*

By this it appears that *Homer* was of opinion that *Hercules* was in heaven, while his εἰδωλον, or image, was in hell: So that when this second separation is made, the image or vehicle becomes a mere thoughtless form.

We have this whole doctrine very distinctly deliver'd by *Plutarch* in these words: "Man is a compound subject; but
 "not of two parts, as is commonly believed, because the *under-*
 "standing is generally accounted a part of the *soul*; whereas
 "indeed it as far exceeds the soul, as the soul is diviner than
 "the body. Now the soul, when compounded with the *under-*
 "standing, makes reason, and when compounded with the body,
 "passion: Whereof the one is the source or principle of pleasure
 "or pain, the other of vice or virtue. Man therefore proper-
 "ly dies two deaths; the first death makes him two of three,
 "and the second makes him one of two." *Plutarch, of the face*
in the moon.

With

With proper instruments they take the road,

Axes to cut, and ropes to sling the load.

140 First march the heavy mules, securely flow,

O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go:

Jumping

ψ. 141. O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go——
On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks
Headlong——]

The numbers in the original of this whole passage are admirably adapted to the images the verses convey to us. Every ear must have felt the propriety of sound in this Line,

Πολλὰ δ' ἀνανῖα, κάτωῖα, πέρανιά τε, δόχμιά τ' ἦλθον.

That other in its kind is no less exact,

Τάμνον ἐπειγόμενοι, τὰ δὲ μεγάλα κλυπέσαι
Πίπλον——

Dionysius of Halicarnassus has collected many instances of these sorts of beauties in *Homer*. This description of felling the forests, so excellent as it is, is comprehended in a few lines, which has left room for a larger and more particular one in *Statius*, one of the best (I think) in that author.

——*Cadit ardua fagus,*
Chaoniumque nemus, brumæque illæsa cupressus ;
Procumbunt piceæ, flammis alimenta supremis,
Ornique, ilicæque trabes, metuandaque sulco
Taxus, & infandos belli potura cruores
Fraxinus, atque situ non expugnabile robur :
Hinc audax abies, & odora vulnere pinus
Scinditur, acclinant intonsa cacumina terræ
Alnus amica fretis, nec inhospita vitibus ulmus, &c.

I the rather cite this fine passage, because I find it copied by two of the greatest poets of our own nation, *Chaucer* and *Spencer*. The first in the *Assembly of Fowls*, the second in his *Fairy Queen*, lib. 1.

The

Jumping, high o'er the shrubs, of the rough ground,
 Rattle the clatt'ring cars, and the shockt axles bound.
 But when arriv'd at *Ida's* spreading woods,
 145 (Fair *Ida*, water'd with descending floods)
 Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes;
 On all sides round the Forest hurles her oaks
 Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
 Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.
 150 The wood the *Grecians* cleave, prepar'd to burn;
 And the slow mules the same rough road return.
 The sturdy woodmen equal burthens bore
 (Such charge was giv'n 'em) to the sandy shore;
 There on the spot which great *Achilles* show'd,
 155 They eas'd their shoulders, and dispos'd the load;
 Circling around the place, where times to come
 Shall view *Patroclus*' and *Achilles*' tomb.

*The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
 The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
 The builder oak, sole king of forests all,
 The aspine good for staves, the cypress funeral.
 The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,
 And poets sage: The fir that weepeth still,
 The willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
 The ewe obedient to the bender's will,
 The birch for shafts, the fallow for the mill,
 The myrrh, sweet bleeding in the bitter wound,
 The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
 The fruitful olive, and the plantane round,
 The carver holme, the maple seldom inward sound.*

The

The hero bids his martial troops appear
 High on their cars in all the pomp of war;
 160 Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,
 All mount their chariots, Combatants and Squires.
 The chariots first proceed, a shining train;
 Then clouds of foot that smook along the plain;
 Next these a melancholy band appear,
 165 Amidst, lay dead *Patroclus* on the bier:
 O'er all the corse their scatter'd locks they throw:
Achilles next, oppress'd with mighty woe,

Supporting

✓. 160. *Each in refulgent arms, &c.*——] 'Tis not to be suppos'd that this was a general custom used at all funerals; but *Patroclus* being a warrior, he is buried like a soldier, with military honours. *Eustathius*.

✓. 166. *O'er all the corse their scatter'd locks they throw.*] The ceremony of cutting off the hair in honour of the dead, was practis'd not only among the *Greeks*, but also among other nations; thus *Statius Thebaid. VI.*

——*Tergoque & pectore fusam
 Cæsariem ferro minuit, sectisque jacentis
 Obnubit tenuia ora comis.*

This custom is taken notice of in holy scripture: *Ezekiel* describing a great lamentation, says, *They shall make themselves utterly bald for thee*, ch. xxvii. ✓. 31. I believe it was done not only in token of sorrow, but perhaps had a conceal'd meaning, that as the hair was cut from the head, and was never more to be join'd to it, so was the dead for ever cut off from the living, never more to return.

I must just observe that this ceremony of cutting off the hair was not always in token of sorrow; *Lycophron* in his *Cassandra*, ✓. 976. describing a general lamentation, says,

Κρατὸς

Supporting with his hands the hero's head,

Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.

170 *Patroclus* decent, on th' appointed ground

They place, and heap the sylvan pile around.

But great *Achilles* stands apart in pray'r,

And from his head divides the yellow hair;

Those curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,

175 And sacred grew to *Sperchius*' honour'd flood:

Then

Κρατὸς δ' ἄκροσ νῶτα καλλύνει Φόβη.

A length of unshorn hair adorn'd their backs.

And that the ancients sometimes had their hair cut off in token of joy, is evident from *Juvenal Sat.* 12. *ψ.* 82.

———*Gaudet ibi vertice raso*
Garrula securi narrare pericula nautæ.

This seeming contradiction will be solv'd by having respect to the different practices of different nations. If it was the general custom of any country to wear long hair, then the cutting it off was a token of sorrow; but if it was the custom to wear short hair, then the letting it grow long and neglecting it, shew'd that such people were mourners.

ψ. 168. *Supporting with his hands the hero's head.*] *Achilles* follows the corpse as chief mourner, and sustains the head of his friend: This last circumstance seems to be general; thus *Euripides* in the funeral of *Rhesus*, *ψ.* 886.

Τίς ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς θεός, ὦ Βασιλεῦ,

Τὸν νεόδμητον ἐν χεροῖν

Φοράδην πέμπει;

What God, O king, with his hands supports the head of the deceased?

ψ. 175. *And sacred grew to Sperchius' honour'd flood.*] It was
the

Then fighting, to the deep his looks he cast,
And roll'd his eyes around the wat'ry waste.

Sperchius! whose waves in mazy errors lost
Delightful roll along my native coast!

180 To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,
These locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn;
Full fifty rams to bleed in sacrifice,
Where to the day thy silver fountains rise,
And where in shade of consecrated bow'rs

185 Thy altars stand, perfum'd with native flow'rs!
So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;
No more *Achilles* sees his native plain;
In that vain hope these hairs no longer grow,
Patroclus bears them to the shades below.

190 Thus o'er *Patroclus* while the hero pray'd,
On his cold hand the sacred lock he laid.

the custom of the ancients not only to offer their own hair, but likewise to consecrate that of their children to the river-gods of their country. This is what *Pausanias* shews in his *Attics*: *Before you pass the Cephisa* (says he) *you find the tomb of Theodorus, who was the most excellent actor of his time for tragedy; and on the banks you see two statues, one of Mnesimachus, and the other of his son, who cut off his hair in honour of the rivers; for that this was in all ages the custom of the Greeks, may be inferr'd from Homer's poetry, where Peleus promises by a solemn vow to consecrate to the river Sperchius the hair of his son, if he returns safe from the Trojan war. This custom was likewise in Ægypt, where Philostratus tells us, that Memnon consecrated his hair to the Nile. This practice of Achilles was imitated by Alexander at the funeral of Hephæstion. Spondanus.*

Once more afresh the *Grecian* sorrows flow:

And now the Sun had set upon their woe;

But to the King of Men thus spoke the Chief.

195 Enough, *Atrides*! give the troops relief:

Permit the mourning legions to retire,

And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre;

The pious care be ours, the dead to burn—

He said: The people to their ships return:

200 While those deputed to interr the slain,

Heap with a rising pyramid the plain.

A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,

The growing structure spreads on ev'ry side;

High on the top the manly corse they lay,

205 And well-fed sheep, and fable oxen slay:

Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,

And the pil'd victims round the body spread.

Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil

Suspends around, low-bending o'er the pile.

210 Four sprightly courfers, with a deadly groan

Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.

Of nine large dogs, domestick at his board,

Fall two, selected to attend their Lord.

Then last of all, and horrible to tell,

215 Sad sacrifice! twelve *Trojan* captives fell,

On these the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves, and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rites, he stands on high,
And calls the spirit with a dreadful cry.

220 All hail, *Patroclus* ! let thy vengeful ghost
Hear, and exult on *Pluto's* dreary coast.
Behold, *Achilles'* promise fully paid,
Twelve *Trojan* heroes offer'd to thy shade ;
But heavier fates on *Hector's* corse attend,

225 Sav'd from the flames, for hungry dogs to rend.

So spake he, threat'ning: But the Gods made vain
His threat, and guard inviolate the slain :
Celestial *Venus* hover'd o'er his head,
And roseate unguents, heav'nly fragrance! shed:

v. 228. *Celestial Venus, &c.*] *Homer* has here introduc'd a series of allegories in the compass of a few lines: The body of *Hector* may be suppos'd to have continued beautiful even after he was slain; and *Venus* being the president of beauty, the Poet by a natural fiction tells us it was preserv'd by that goddess.

Apollo's covering the body with a cloud is a very natural allegory: For the sun (says *Eustathius*) has a double quality which produces contrary effects; the heat of it causes a dryness, but at the same time it exhales the vapours of the earth, from whence the clouds of heaven are form'd. This allegory may be founded upon truth; there might happen to be a cool season while *Hector* lay unburied, and *Apollo*, or the Sun, raising clouds which intercept the heat of his beams, by a very easy fiction in poetry may be introduc'd in person to preserve the body of *Hector*.

230 She watch'd him all the night, and all the day,
And drove the bloodhounds from their destin'd prey.
Nor sacred *Phæbus* less employ'd his care;
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,
And kept the nerves undry'd, the flesh entire,

235 Against the solar beam and *Sirian* fire.

Nor yet the pile where dead *Patroclus* lies,
Smokes, nor as yet the fullen flames arise;
But fast beside *Achilles* stood in pray'r,
Invok'd the Gods whose spirit moves the air,

240 And victims promis'd, and libations cast,
To gentle *Zephyr* and the *Boreal* blast;
He call'd th' æreal pow'rs, along the skies
To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.

The winged *Iris* heard the hero's call,

245 And instant hasten'd to their airy hall,
Where, in old *Zephyr's* open courts on high,
Sate all the blust'ring brethren of the sky.
She shone amidst them, on her painted bow;
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the show.

250 All from the banquet rise, and each invites
The various Goddesses to partake the rites.
Not so, (the dame reply'd) I haste to go
To sacred Ocean, and the floods below:

Ev'n

Ev'n now our solemn hecatombs attend,

255 And heav'n is feasting on the world's green end,

With righteous *Æthiops* (uncorrupted train!)

Far on th' extremest limits of the main.

But *Peleus'* son intreats, with sacrifice,

The *Western Spirit*, and the *North* to rise;

260 Let on *Patroclus'* pile your blast be driv'n,

And bear the blazing honours high to heav'n.

Swift as the word, she vanish'd from their view;

Swift as the word, the *Winds* tumultuous flew;

Forth

¶. 263. *The allegory of the winds.*] A poet ought to express nothing vulgarly; and sure no poet ever trespass'd less against this rule than *Homer*; the fruitfulness of his invention is continually raising incidents new and surprising. Take this passage out of its poetical dress, and it will be no more than this: A strong gale of wind blew, and so increased the flame that it soon consum'd the pile. But *Homer* introduces the Gods of the winds in person: And *Iris*, or the rainbow, being (as *Eustathius* observes) a sign not only of showers, but of winds, he makes them come at her summons.

Every circumstance is well adapted: As soon as the winds see *Iris*, they rise; that is, when the rainbow appears, the wind rises: She refuses to sit, and immediately returns; that is, the rainbow is never seen long at one time, but soon appears, and soon vanishes: She returns over the ocean; that is, the bow is compos'd of waters, and it would have been an unnatural fiction to have describ'd her as passing by land.

The winds are all together in the cave of *Zephyrus*, which may imply that they were there as at their general rendezvous; or that the nature of all the winds is the same; or that the western wind is in that country the most constant, and consequently it may be said that at such seasons all the winds

Forth burst the stormy band with thund'ring roar,
 265 And heaps on heaps the clouds are tost before:
 To the wide main then stooping from the skies,
 The heaving deeps in wat'ry mountains rise:
 Troy feels the blast along her shaking walls,
 Till on the pile the gather'd tempest falls.
 270 The structure crackles in the roaring fires,
 And all the night the plenteous flame aspires.
 All night *Achilles* hails *Patroclus*' soul,
 With large libation from the golden bowl.
 As a poor father helpless and undone,
 275 Mourns o'er the ashes of an only son,
 Takes a sad pleasure the last bones to burn,
 And pour in tears, e'er yet they close the urn.
 So stay'd *Achilles*, circling round the shore,
 So watch'd the flames, till now they flam'd no more.

are assembled in one corner, or rendezvous with *Zephyrus*.

Iris will not enter the cave: It is the nature of the rainbow to be stretch'd entirely upon the surface, and therefore this fiction is agreeable to reason.

When *Iris* says that the Gods are partaking hecatombs in *Æthiopia*, it is to be remember'd that the Gods are represented there in the first book, before the scenes of war were open'd; and now they are closed, they return thither. *Eustathius*.—— Thus *Homer* makes the anger of his hero so important, that it rous'd heaven to arms, and now when it is almost appeas'd, *Achilles* as it were gives peace to the Gods.

'Twas

280 'Twas when, emerging thro' the shades of night,
The morning planet told th' approach of light;
And fast behind, *Aurora's* warmer ray
O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day:
Then sunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,

285 And to their caves the whistling *Winds* return'd:
Across the *Thracian* seas their course they bore;
The ruffled seas beneath their passage roar.

Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
And sunk to quiet in th' embrace of sleep,

290 Exhausted with his grief: Meanwhile the croud
Of thronging *Grecians* round *Achilles* stood;
The tumult wak'd him: From his eyes he shook
Unwilling slumber, and the chiefs bespoke.

Ye Kings and Princes of th' *Achaian* name!

295 First let us quench the yet-remaining flame
With sable wine; then, (as the rites direct,)
The hero's bones with careful view select:
(Apart, and easy to be known they lie,
Amidst the heap, and obvious to the eye:

300 The rest around the margins will be seen,
Promiscuous, steeds, and immolated men)
These wrapt in double cawls of fat, prepare;
And in the golden vase dispose with care;

There let them rest, with decent honour laid,
 305 Till I shall follow to th' infernal shade.

Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
 A common structure on the humble sands;
 Hereafter *Greece* some nobler work may raise,
 And late posterity record our praise.

310 The *Greeks* obey; where yet the embers glow,
 Wide o'er the pile the sable wine they throw,
 And deep subsides the ashy heap below.

Next the white bones his sad companions place
 With tears collected, in the golden vase.

315 The sacred relicks to the tent they bore;

The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.

That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,

And cast the deep foundations round the pyre;

High in the midst they heap the swelling bed

320 Of rising earth, memorial of the dead.

The swarming populace the chief detains,

And leads amidst a wide extent of plains;

There

✓. 308. *Hereafter Greece a nobler pile shall raise.*] We see how *Achilles* consults his own glory; the desire of it prevails over his tenderness for *Patroclus*, and he will not permit any man, not even his belov'd *Patroclus*, to share any equality of honour with himself, even in the grave. *Eustatbius*.

✓. 321. *The games for Patroclus.*] The conduct of *Homer* in enlarging upon the games at the funeral of *Patroclus* is very judicious:

There plac'd 'em round: Then from the ships proceeds
 A train of oxen, mules, and stately steeds,
 325 Vases and Tripods, for the fun'ral games,
 Resplendent brags, and more resplendent dames.
 First stood the prizes to reward the force
 Of rapid racers in the dusty course.
 A woman for the first, in beauty's bloom,
 330 Skill'd in the needle, and the lab'ring loom;

judicious: There had undoubtedly been such honours paid to several heroes during this war, as appears from a passage in the ninth book, where *Agamemnon* to enhance the value of the horses which he offers *Achilles*, says, that any person would be rich that had treasures equal to the value of the prizes they had won; which races must have been run during the siege: For had they been before it, the horses would now have been too old to be of any value, this being the tenth year of the war. But the poet passes all those games over in silence, and reserves them for this season; not only in honour of *Patroclus*, but also of his hero *Achilles*; who exhibits games to a whole army; great generals are candidates for the prizes, and he himself sits the judge and arbitrator: Thus in peace as well as war the poet maintains the superiority of the character of *Achilles*.

But there is another reason why the poet deferr'd to relate any games that were exhibited at any preceding funerals: The death of *Patroclus* was the most eminent period; and consequently the most proper time for such games.

'Tis farther observable, that he chuses this peculiar time with great judgment. When the fury of the war rag'd, the army could not well have found leisure for the games, and they might have met with interruption from the enemy: But *Hector* being dead, all *Troy* is in confusion: They are in too great a consternation to make any attempts, and therefore the poet could not possibly have chosen a more happy opportunity.
Eustathius.

And a large vase, where two bright handles rise,
Of twenty measures its capacious size.

The second victor claims a mare unbroke,

Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke :

335 The third, a charger yet untouch'd by flame ;

Four ample measures held the shining frame :

Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd ;

An ample double bowl contents the last.

These in fair order rang'd upon the plain,

340 The hero, rising, thus address the train.

Behold the prizes, valiant *Greeks!* decreed

To the brave rulers of the racing steed ;

Prizes which none beside our self could gain,

Should our immortal courfers take the plain ;

345 (A race unrivall'd, which from Ocean's God

Peleus receiv'd, and on his son bestow'd.)

But this no time our vigour to display,

Nor suit with them, the games of this sad day :

Lost is *Patroclus* now, that wont to deck

350 Their flowing manes, and sleek their glossy neck.

Sad,

ψ. 349. *Lost is Patroclus now, &c.*] I am not ignorant that *Homer* has frequently been blamed for such little digressions as these ; in this passage he gives us the genealogy of his horses, which he has frequently told us in the preceding part of

Sad, as they shar'd in human grief, they stand,
And trail those graceful honours on the sand!

Let others for the noble task prepare,

Who trust the courser, and the flying car.

355 Fir'd at his word, the rival racers rise;

But far the first, *Eumelus* hopes the prize,

Fam'd thro' *Pieria* for the fleetest breed,

And skill'd to manage the high-bounding steed.

With equal ardor bold *Tydidēs* swell'd

360 The steeds of *Tros* beneath his yoke compell'd,

(Which late obey'd the *Dardan* chief's command,

When scarce a God redeem'd him from his hand)

Then *Menelaüs* his *Podargus* brings,

And the fam'd courser of the King of Kings :

of the poem. But *Eustathius* justifies his conduct, and says that it was very proper to commend the virtue of these horses upon this occasion, when horses were to contend for victory : At the same time he takes an opportunity to make an honourable mention of his friend *Patroclus*, in whose honour these games were exhibited.

It may be added as a farther justification of *Homer*, that this last circumstance is very natural : *Achilles*, while he commends his horses, remembers how careful *Patroclus* had been of them : His love for his friend is so great, that the minutest circumstance recalls him to his mind ; and such little digressions, such avocations of thought as these, very naturally proceed from the overflows of love and sorrow.

365 Whom rich *Echepolus*, (more rich than brave)

To 'scape the wars, to *Agamemnon* gave,
(*Æthe* her name) at home to end his days,

Base wealth preferring to eternal praise.

Next him *Antilochus* demands the course,

370 With beating heart, and cheers his *Pylian* horse:

Experienc'd *Nestor* gives his son the reins,

Directs his judgment, and his heat restrains;

Nor

*. 365. *Whom rich Echepolus, &c.*] One would think that *Agamemnon* might be accus'd of avarice, in dispensing with a man from going to the war for the sake of a horse; but *Aristotle* very well observes, that this prince is praise-worthy for having prefer'd a horse to a person so cowardly, and so incapable of service. It may also be conjectur'd from this passage, that even in those elder times it was the custom, that those who were willing to be excus'd from the war, should give either a horse or man, and often both. Thus *Scipio* going to *Africa* order'd the *Sicilians* either to attend him, or to give him horses or men: And *Agésilas* being at *Ephesus*, and wanting cavalry, made a proclamation, that the rich men who would not serve in the war should be dispens'd with, provided they furnish'd a man and a horse in their stead: In which, says *Plutarch*, he wisely follow'd the example of king *Agamemnon*, who excus'd a very rich coward from serving in person, for a present of a good mare. *Eustathius. Dacier.*

*. 371. *Experienc'd Nestor, &c.*] The poet omits no opportunity of paying honour to his old favourite *Nestor*, and I think he is no where more particularly complemented than in this book. His age had disabled him from bearing any share in the games; and yet he artfully introduces him not as a mere spectator, but as an actor in the sports. Thus he as it were wins the prize for *Antilochus*, *Antilochus* wins not by the swiftness of his horses, but by the wisdom of *Nestor*.

This fatherly tenderness is wonderfully natural: We see him

Nor idly warns the hoary fire, nor hears

The prudent son with unattending ears.

375 My son! tho' youthful ardour fire thy breast,
The Gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have blest.

Neptune and *Jove* on thee conferr'd the skill,

Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.

To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;

380 But slow, and past their vigour, are my steeds.

Fear not thy rivals, tho' for swiftness known,

Compare those rivals judgment, and thy own:

It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,

And to be swift is less than to be wise:

385 'Tis more by art, than force of num'rous strokes,

The dext'rous woodman shapes the stubborn oaks;

By art the pilot, thro' the boiling deep

And howling tempest, steers the fearless ship;

him in all imaginable inquietude and concern for his son; he comes to the barrier, stands beside the chariot, animates his son by his praises, and directs him by his lessons: You think the old man's soul mounts on the chariot with his *Antilochus*, to partake the same dangers, and run the same career.

Nothing can be better adapted to the character than this speech; he expatiates upon the advantages of wisdom over strength, which is a tacit complement to himself: And had there been a prize for wisdom, undoubtedly the old man would have claim'd it as his right, *Eustathius*;

And

And 'tis the artist wins the glorious course,
 390 Not those, who trust in chariots, and in horse.
 In vain unskilful to the goal they strive,
 And short, or wide, th' ungovern'd courser drive:
 While with sure skill, tho' with inferiour steeds,
 The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
 395 Fix'd on the goal his eye fore-runs the course,
 His hand unerring steers the steady horse,
 And now contracts, or now extends the rein,
 Observing still the foremost on the plain.
 Mark then the goal, 'tis easy to be found;
 400 Yon' aged trunk, a cubit from the ground;
 Of some once-stately oak the last remains,
 Or hardy fir, unperish'd with the rains.
 Inclos'd with stones conspicuous from afar,
 And round, a circle for the wheeling car.
 405 (Some tomb perhaps of old, the dead to grace;
 Or then, as now, the limit of a race)
 Bear close to this, and warily proceed,
 A little bending to the left-hand steed;
 But urge the right, and give him all the reins;
 410 While thy strict hand his fellow's head restrains,
 And turns him short; till, doubling as they roll,
 The wheel's round naves appear to brush the goal.

Yet

Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horse)
 Clear of the stony heap direct the course;
 415 Lest thro' incaution failing, thou may'st be
 A joy to others, a reproach to me.
 So shalt thou pass the goal, secure of mind,
 And leave unskilful swiftness far behind.
 Tho' thy fierce rival drove the matchless steed
 420 Which bore *Adrastus*, of celestial breed;
 Or the fam'd race thro' all the regions known,
 That whirl'd the car of proud *Laomedon*.

Thus, (nought unsaid) the much-advising sage
 Concludes; then fate, stiff with unwieldy age.
 425 Next bold *Meriones* was seen to rise,
 The last, but not least ardent for the prize.
 They mount their seats; the lots their place dispose;
 (Roll'd in his helmet, these *Achilles* throws.)

Young

¶. 427. *The lots their place dispose.*] According to these lots the charioteers took their places; but to know whether they stood all in an equal front, or one behind the other, is a difficulty: *Eustathius* says the ancients were of opinion that they did not stand in one front; because it is evident that he who had the first lot, had a great advantage of the other charioteers: If he had not, why should *Achilles* cast lots? *Madam Dacier* is of opinion that they all stood a-breast at the barrier, and that the first would still have a sufficient advantage, as he was nearer the bound, and stood within the rest; whereas the others must take a larger circle, and consequently were forc'd to run a greater compass of ground. *Phoenix* was plac'd

Young *Nestor* leads the race: *Eumeles* then;

430 And next, the brother of the King of men:

Thy lot, *Meriones*, the fourth was cast;

And, far the bravest, *Diomed*, was last.

They stand in order, an impatient train;

Pelides points the barrier on the plain,

435 And sends before old *Phœnix* to the place,

To mark the racers, and to judge the race.

At once the courfers from the barrier bound;

The lifted scourges all at once resound;

Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they send before;

440 And up the champain thunder from the shore:

plac'd as an inspector of the race, that is, says *Eustatbius*, he was to make report whether they had observ'd the laws of the race in their several turnings.

Sophocles observes the same method with *Homer* in relation to the lots and inspectors, in his *Electra*.

——Οἱ τε'αῤῥμῆνοι βραβεῖς
Κλήροις ἔπηλαν καὶ καλέσθησαν δίφρον.

The constituted judges assign'd the places according to the lots.

The ancients say that the charioteers started at the *Sigæum*, where the ships of *Achilles* lay, and ran towards the *Rhæteum*, from the ships towards the shores. But *Aristarchus* affirm'd that they run in the compass of ground of five *stadia*, which lay between the wall and the tents toward the shore. *Eustatbius*,

Thick,

Thick, where they drive, the dusty clouds arise,
 And the lost courser in the whirlwind flies;
 Loose on their shoulders the long manes reclin'd,
 Float in their speed, and dance upon the wind:
 445 The smoaking chariots, rapid as they bound,
 Now seem to touch the sky, and now the ground.
 While hot for fame, and conquest all their care,
 (Each o'er his flying courser hung in air)
 Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein,
 450 They pant, they stretch, they shout along the plain.
 Now, (the last compass fetch'd around the goal)
 At the near prize each gathers all his soul,
 Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
 Tears up the shore, and thunders tow'rd the main.
 455 First flew *Eumelus* on *Pheretian* steeds;
 With those of *Tros*, bold *Diomed* succeeds:
 Close on *Eumelus'* back they puff the wind,
 And seem just mounting on his car behind;
 Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
 460 And hov'ring o'er, their stretching shadows sees.

℥. 458. *And seem just mounting on his car behind.*] A more natural image than this could not be thought of. The poet makes us spectators of the race, we see *Diomed* pressing upon *Eumelus* so closely, that his chariot seems to climb the chariot of *Eumelus*.

Then

Then had he lost, or left a doubtful prize;
 But angry *Phæbus* to *Tydidēs* flies,
 Strikes from his hand the scourge, and renders vain
 His matchless horses labour on the plain.

465 Rage fills his eye with anguish, to survey
 Snatch'd from his hope, the glories of the day.
 The fraud celestial *Pallas* sees with pain,
 Springs to her Knight, and gives the scourge again,
 And fills his steeds with vigour. At a stroke,
 470 She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke;

¶. 465. *Rage fills his eye with anguish, to survey, &c.*] We have seen *Diomed* surrounded with innumerable dangers acting in the most perilous scenes of blood and death, yet never shed one tear: And now he weeps on a small occasion, for a mere trifle: This must be ascrib'd to the nature of mankind, who are often transported with trifles; and there are certain unguarded moments in every man's life; so that he who could meet the greatest dangers with intrepidity, may thro' anger be betray'd into an indecency. *Eustatbius*.

The reason why *Apollo* is angry at *Diomed*, according to *Eustatbius*, is because he was interested for *Eumelus*, whose mares he had fed, when he serv'd *Admetus*; but I fancy he is under a mistake: This indeed is a reason why he should favour *Eumelus*, but not why he should be angry at *Diomed*. I rather think that the quarrel of *Apollo* with *Diomed* was personal; because he offer'd him a violence in the fifth book, and *Apollo* still resents it.

The fiction of *Minerva's* assisting *Diomed* is grounded upon his being so wise as to take a couple of whips to prevent any mischance: So that *Wisdom*, or *Pallas*, may be said to lend him one. *Eustatbius*.

No more their way the startled horses held;
 The car revers'd came rat'ling on the field;
 Shot headlong from his seat, beside the wheel,
 Prone on the dust th' unhappy master fell;
 475 His batter'd face and elbows strike the ground;
 Nose, mouth and front, one undistinguish'd wound:
 Grief stops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
 Before him far the glad *Tydides* flies;
Minerva's spirit drives his matchless pace,
 480 And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.

The next, tho' distant, *Menelas* succeeds;
 While thus young *Nestor* animates his steeds.
 Now, now, my gen'rous pair, exert your force;
 Not that we hope to match *Tydides'* horse,
 485 Since great *Minerva* wings their rapid way,
 And gives their Lord the honours of the day.
 But reach *Atrides*! shall his mare out-go
 Your swiftness? vanquish'd by a female foe?

*. 483. *The speech of Antilochus to his horses.*] I fear *Antilochus* his speech to his horses is blameable; *Eustathius* himself seems to think it a fault that he should speak so much in the very heat of the race. He commands and soothes, counsels and threatens his horses, as if they were reasonable creatures. The subsequent speech of *Menelaüs* is more excusable as it is more short, but both of them are spoken in a passion, and anger we know makes us speak to every thing, and we discharge it upon the most senseless objects.

Thro'

Thro' your neglect, if lagging on the plain
 490 The last ignoble gift be all we gain ;
 No more shall *Nestor's* hand your food supply,
 The old man's fury rises, and ye die.
 Haste then; yon' narrow road before our fight
 Presents th' occasion, could we use it right.

495 Thus he. The couriers at their master's threat
 With quicker steps the sounding champain beat.
 And now *Antilochus* with nice survey,
 Observes the compass of the hollow way.

'Twas where by force of wintry torrents torn,
 500 Fast by the road a precipice was worn :
 Here, where but one could pass, to shun the throng
 The *Spartan* hero's chariot smok'd along.
 Close up the vent'rous youth resolves to keep,
 Still edging near, and bears him tow'rd the steep.

505 *Atrides*, trembling casts his eye below,
 And wonders at the rashness of his foe.
 Hold, stay your steeds—What madness thus to ride
 This narrow way? Take larger field (he cry'd)
 Or both must fall—*Atrides* cry'd in vain;

510 He flies more fast, and throws up all the rein.
 Far as an able arm the disk can send,
 When youthful rivals their full force extend,

So far, *Antilochus*! thy chariot flew

Before the King: He, cautious, backward drew

515 His horse compell'd; foreboding in his fears

The rattling ruin of the clashing cars,

The flound'ring courfers rolling on the plain,

And conquest lost thro' frantick haste to gain.

But thus upbraids his rival as he flies;

520 Go, furious youth! ungen'rous and unwise!

Go, but expect not I'll the prize resign;

Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine—

Then to his steeds with all his force he cries;

Be swift, be vig'rous, and regain the prize!

525 Your rivals, destitute of youthful force,

With fainting knees shall labour in the course,

And yield the glory yours—The steeds obey;

Already at their heels they wing their way,

And seem already to retrieve the day.

}
}
}

530 Meantime the *Grecians* in a ring beheld

The courfers bounding o'er the dusty field.

The first who mark'd them was the *Cretan* King;

High on a rising ground, above the ring,

The Monarch sat; from whence with sure survey

535 He well observ'd the chief who led the way,

And

And heard from far his animating cries,
And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes;
On whose broad front, a blaze of shining white
Like the full moon, stood obvious to the fight.
540 He saw; and rising, to the *Greeks* begun.
Are yonder horse discern'd by me alone?
Or can ye, all, another chief survey,
And other steeds, than lately led the way?
Those, tho' the swiftest, by some God with-held,
545 Lie sure disabled in the middle field:
For since the goal they doubled, round the plain
I search to find them, but I search in vain.
Perchance the reins forsook the driver's hand,
And, turn'd too short, he tumbled on the strand,
550 Shot from the chariot; while his couriers stray
With frantick fury from the destin'd way.
Rise then some other, and inform my sight,
(For these dim eyes, perhaps, discern not right)
Yet sure he seems, (to judge by shape and air,)
555 The great *Ætolian* chief, renown'd in war.
Old man! (*Oileus* rashly thus replies)
Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize.
Of those who view the course, not sharpest ey'd,
Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide.

Eumelus'

560 *Eumelus*' steeds high-bounding in the chace,
Still, as at first, unrivall'd lead the race :
I well discern him, as he shakes the rein,
And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain.

Thus he. *Idomeneus* incens'd rejoin'd.

565 Barb'rous of words! and arrogant of mind!

¶ 565. *The dispute between Idomeneus and Ajax.*] Nothing could be more naturally imagin'd than this contention at a horse-race: The leaders were divided into parties, and each was interested for his friend: The poet had a two-fold design, not only to embellish and diversify his poem by such natural circumstances, but also to shew us, as *Eustatbius* observes from the conduct of *Ajax*, that passionate men betray themselves into follies, and are themselves guilty of the faults of which they accuse themselves.

It is with a particular decency that *Homer* makes *Achilles* the arbitrator between *Idomeneus* and *Ajax*: *Agamemnon* was his superior in the army, but as *Achilles* exhibited the shows, he was the proper judge of any difference that should arise about them. Had the contest been between *Ajax* and *Idomeneus*, consider'd as soldiers, the cause must have been brought before *Agamemnon*; but as they are to be consider'd as spectators of the games, they ought to be determin'd by *Achilles*.

It may not be unnecessary just to observe to the reader the judiciousness of *Homer*'s conduct in making *Achilles* exhibit the games, and not *Agamemnon*: *Achilles* is the hero of the poem, and consequently must be the chief actor in all the great scenes of it: He had remain'd inactive during a great part of the poem, yet the poet makes his very inactivity contribute to the carrying on the design of his *Ilias*: And to supply his absence from many of the busy scenes of the preceding parts of it, he now in the conclusion makes him almost the sole agent: By these means he leaves a noble idea of his hero upon the mind of his reader; as he rais'd our expectations when he brought him upon the stage of action, so he makes him go off with the utmost pomp and applause.

Contentious

Contentious Prince ! of all the *Greeks* beside

The last in merit, as the first in pride.

To vile reproach what answer can we make?

A Goblet or a Tripod let us stake,

570 And be the King the Judge. The most unwise

Will learn their rashness when they pay the price.

He said : And *Ajax* by mad passion born,

Stern had reply'd ; fierce scorn inhancing scorn

To fell extreams. But *Thetis'* god-like son

575 Awful, amidst them rose ; and thus begun.

Forbear, ye chiefs ! reproachful to contend ;

Much would ye blame, should others thus offend :

And lo ! th' approaching steeds your contest end. }

No sooner had he spoke, but thund'ring near,

580 Drives, thro' a stream of dust, the charioteer ;

High o'er his head the circling lash he wields ;

His bounding horses scarcely touch the fields :

ψ. 581. *High o'er his head the circling lash he wields.*] I am persuaded that the common translation of the word *Καὶ ὤμαδόν*, in the original of this verse, is faulty : It is render'd, *be lash'd the horses continually over the shoulders* ; whereas I fancy it should be translated thus, *assidue (equos) agitabat scuticâ ab humero ductâ*. This naturally expresses the very action, and whirl of the whip over the driver's shoulder, in the act of lashing the horses, and agrees with the use of the same word in the 431st line of this book, where *ἔρα δίσκῃ καὶ ὤμαδι* must be translated *jactus disci ab humero vibrati*.

His car amidst the dusty whirlwind roll'd,
 Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,
 585 Refulgent thro' the cloud: no eye could find
 The track his flying wheels had left behind:
 And the fierce courfers urg'd their rapid pace
 So swift, it seem'd a flight, and not a race.
 Now victor at the goal *Tydidēs* stands,
 590 Quits his bright car, and springs upon the sands;
 From the hot steeds the sweaty torrents stream;
 The well-ply'd whip is hung athwart the beam;
 With joy brave *Sthenelus* receives the prize,
 The tripod-vase, and dame with radiant eyes:
 595 These to the ships his train triumphant leads,
 The chief himself unyokes the panting steeds.

Young *Nestor* follows (who by art, not force,
 O'er-past *Atrides*) second in the course.
 Behind, *Atrides* urg'd the race, more near
 600 Than to the courser in his swift career
 The following car, just touching with his heel
 And brushing with his tail the whirling wheel.
 Such, and so narrow now the space between
 The rivals, late so distant on the green;
 605 So soon swift *Æthe* her lost ground regain'd,
 One length, one moment had the race obtain'd.

Merion pursu'd, at greater distance still,
 With tardier coursers, and inferiour skill.
 Last came, *Admetus*! thy unhappy son;
 610 Slow dragg'd the steeds his batter'd chariot on:
Achilles saw, and pitying thus begun.

Behold! the man whose matchless art surpass
 The sons of *Greece*! the ablest, yet the last!
 Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay
 615 (Since great *Tydidēs* bears the first away)
 To him, the second honours of the day.

The *Greeks* consent with loud-applauding cries,
 And then *Eumelus* had receiv'd the prize,
 But youthful *Nestor*, jealous of his fame,
 620 Th' award opposes, and asserts his claim.
 Think not (he cries) I tamely will resign
 O *Peleus*' son! the mare so justly mine.
 What if the Gods, the skilful to confound,
 Have thrown the horse and horseman to the ground?

v. 614. *Fortune denies, but justice, &c.*] *Achilles* here intends to shew, that it is not just, fortune should rule over virtue, but that a brave man who had perform'd his duty, and who did not bring upon himself his misfortune, ought to have the recompence he has deserv'd: And this principle is just, provided we do not reward him at the expence of another's right. *Eumelus* is a *Thessalian*, and it is probable *Achilles* has a partiality to his countryman. *Dacier*.

Perhaps

625 Perhaps he fought not heav'n by sacrifice,
 And vows omitted forfeited the prize.
 If yet (distinction to thy friend to show,
 And please a soul, desirous to bestow,)
 Some gift must grace *Eumelus*; view thy store
 630 Of beauteous handmaids, steeds, and shining ore,
 An ample present let him thence receive,
 And *Greece* shall praise thy gen'rous thirst to give.
 But this, my prize, I never shall forego;
 This, who but touches, warriors! is my foe.
 635 Thus spake the youth, nor did his words offend;
 Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flatt'ry of a friend,
Achilles smil'd: The gift propos'd (he cry'd)
Antilochus! we shall ourself provide.

¶. 633. *But this, my prize, I never shall forego.*—] There is an air of bravery in this discourse of *Antilochus*: He speaks with the generosity of a gallant soldier, and prefers his honour to his interest; he tells *Achilles* if he pleases he may make *Eumelus* a richer present than his prize; he is not concern'd for the value of it, but as it was the reward of victory, he would not resign it, because that would be an acknowledgment that *Eumelus* deserv'd it.

The character of *Antilochus* is admirably sustain'd thro' this whole episode; he is a very sensible man, but transported with youthful heat, and ambitious of glory: His rashness in driving so furiously against *Menelaus* must be imputed to this; but his passions being gratify'd by the conquest in the race, his reason again returns, he owns his error, and is full of resignation to *Menelaus*.

With plates of brass the corselet cover'd o'er,
 640 (The fame renown'd *Asteropæus* wore)
 Whose glitt'ring margins rais'd with silver shine;
 (No vulgar gift) *Eumelus*, shall be thine.

He said: *Automedon* at his command
 The corselet brought, and gave it to his hand.
 645 Distinguish'd by his friend, his bosom glows
 With gen'rous joy: Then *Menelaüs* rose;
 The herald plac'd the sceptre in his hands,
 And still'd the clamour of the shouting bands.
 Not without cause incens'd at *Nestor's* son,
 650 And inly grieving, thus the King begun:

The praise of wisdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
 An act so rash (*Antilochus*) has stain'd.
 Robb'd of my glory and my just reward,
 To you, O *Grecians*! be my wrong declar'd:
 655 So not a leader shall our conduct blame,
 Or judge me envious of a rival's fame,
 But shall not we, ourselves, the truth maintain?
 What needs appealing in a fact so plain?
 What *Greek* shall blame me, if I bid thee rise,
 660 And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize.
 Rise if thou dar'st, before the chariot stand,
 The driving scourge high-lifted in thy hand,

And touch thy steeds, and swear, thy whole intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.

665 Swear by that God whose liquid arms surround
The globe, and whose dread earthquakes heave the
ground.

The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: Excuse, if youth have err'd;
Superiour as thou art, forgive th' offence,
670 Nor I thy equal, or in years, or sense.

Thou know'st the errors of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counsels, headlong is its rage.
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath resign;
The Mare, or ought thou ask'st, be freely thine,
675 E'er I become (from thy dear friendship torn)
Hateful to thee, and to the Gods forsworn.

So spoke *Antilochus*; and at the word
The Mare contested to the King restor'd.

¶. 663. *And touch thy steeds, and swear—*] 'Tis evident, says *Eustatbius*, from hence, that all fraud was forbid in the chariot-race; but it is not very plain what unlawful deceit *Antilochus* used against *Menelaus*: perhaps *Antilochus* in his haste had declin'd from the race-ground, and avoided some of the uneven places of it, and consequently took an unfair advantage of his adversary; or perhaps his driving so furiously against *Menelaus*, as to endanger both their chariots and their lives, might be reckon'd foul play; and therefore *Antilochus* refuses to take the oath.

Joy swells his soul, as when the vernal grain
 680 Lifts the green ear above the springing plain,
 The fields their vegetable life renew,
 And laugh and glitter with the morning dew:
 Such joy the *Spartan's* shining face o'er-spread,
 And lifted his gay heart, while thus he said.
 685 Still may our souls, O gen'rous youth! agree,
 'Tis now *Atrides'* turn to yield to thee.
 Rash heat perhaps a moment might controul,
 Not break the settled temper of thy soul.
 Not but (my friend) 'tis still the wiser way
 690 To wave contention with superiour sway;
 For ah! how few, who should like thee offend,
 Like thee, have talents to regain the friend?
 To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
 Suffice thy father's merits, and thy own:

v. 679. Joy swells his soul, as when the vernal grain, &c.] Eustathius is very large in the explication of this similitude, which at the first view seems obscure: His words are these,

As the dew raises the blades of corn, that are for want of it weak and depressed, and by pervading the pores of the corn animates and makes it flourish, so did the behaviour of Antilochus raise the dejected mind of Menelaus, exalt his spirits, and restore him to a full satisfaction.

I have given the reader his interpretation, and translated it with the liberty of poetry: It is very much in the language of Scripture, and in the spirit of the Orientals.

Gen'rous

695 Gen'rous alike, for me, the fire and son
Have greatly suffer'd, and have greatly done.
I yield; that all may know, my soul can bend,
Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend.

He said; and pleas'd his passion to command,
700 Resign'd the courser to *Noëmon's* hand,
Friend of the youthful chief: Himself content,
The shining charger to his vessel sent.
The golden talents *Merion* next obtain'd;
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.

705 *Achilles* this to rev'rend *Nestor* bears,
And thus the purpose of his gift declares.

Accept thou this, O sacred fire! (he said)
In dear memorial of *Patroclus* dead;
Dead, and for ever lost *Patroclus* lies,

710 For ever snatch'd from our desiring eyes!

✧. 707. *Accept thou this, O sacred fire!*] The poet in my opinion preserves a great deal of decency towards this old hero and venerable counsellor: He gives him an honorary reward for his superiour wisdom, and therefore *Achilles* calls it *ἀεθλον*, and not *δῶρον*, a prize, and not a present. The moral of *Homer* is, that princes ought no less to honour and recompense those who excel in wisdom and counsel, than those who are capable of actual service.

Achilles, perhaps, had a double view in paying him this respect, not only out of deference to his age, and wisdom, but also because he had in a manner won the prize by the advice he gave his son: So that *Nestor* may be said to have conquer'd in the person of *Antilochus*. *Eustathius*.

Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
 Tho' 'tis not thine to hurl the distant dart,
 The quoit to toss, the pond'rous mace to wield,
 Or urge the race, or wrestle on the field.

715 Thy present vigour age has overthrown,
 But left the glory of the past thy own.

He said, and plac'd the goblet at his side ;
 With joy, the venerable King reply'd.

Wisely and well, my son, thy words have prov'd
 720 A senior honour'd, and a friend belov'd!

Too

§. 719. Nestor's speech to Achilles.] This speech is admirably well adapted to the character of Nestor: He aggrandizes, with an infirmity peculiar to age, his own exploits; and one would think Horace had him in his eye,

—Laudatur temporis acti
 Se puero—

Neither is it any blemish to the character of Nestor thus to be a little talkative about his own achievements: To have described him otherwise, would have been an outrage to human nature, in as much as the wisest man living is not free from the infirmities of man; and as every stage of life has some imperfection peculiar to itself.

—Ὁ μὲν ἔμπεδον ἡνιόχευεν.
 —Ἐμπεδον ἡνιόχευ.

The reader may observe that the old man takes abundance of pains to give reasons how his rivals came to be victors in the chariot-race: He is very solicitous to make it appear that it was not thro' any want of skill or power in himself: And
 in

Too true it is, deserted of my strength,
 These wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.
 Oh ! had I now that force I felt of yore,
 Known thro' *Buprasium* and the *Pylian* shore!

725 Victorious then in ev'ry solemn game,
 Ordain'd to *Amarynces*' mighty name ;
 The brave *Epeians* gave my glory way,
Ætolians, *Pylians*, all resign'd the day.

in my opinion *Nestor* is never more vain-glorious than in this recital of his own disappointment.

It is for the same reason he repeats the words I have cited above : He obtrudes (by that repetition) the disadvantages under which he labour'd, upon the observation of the reader, for fear he should impute the loss of the victory to his want of skill.

Nestor says that these *Moliones* overpower'd him by their number. The criticks, as *Eustathius* remarks, have labour'd hard to explain this difficulty ; they tell us a formal story, that when *Nestor* was ready to enter the lists against these brothers, he objected against them as unfair adversaries, (for it must be remember'd that they were monsters that grew together, and consequently had four hands to *Nestor*'s two) but the judges would not allow his plea, but determin'd, that as they grew together, so they ought to be consider'd as one man.

Others tell us, that they brought several chariots into the lists, whose charioteers combin'd together in favour of *Eurytus* and *Cteatus*, these brother-monsters.

Others say, that the multitude of the spectators conspir'd to disappoint *Nestor*.

I thought it necessary to give my reader these several conjectures ; that he might understand why *Nestor* says he was overpower'd by Πλῆθει, or numbers ; and also, because it confirms my former observation, that *Nestor* is very careful to draw his own picture in the strongest colours, and to shew it in the fairest light,

I quell'd *Clytomedes* in fights of hand,
 730 And backward hurl'd *Ancæus* on the sand,
 Surpass't *Iphiclus* in the swift career,
Phyleus and *Polydorus*, with the spear.
 The sons of *Actor* won the prize of horse,
 But won by numbers, not by art or force:
 735 For the fam'd twins, impatient to survey
 Prize after prize by *Nestor* born away,
 Sprung to their car; and with united pains
 One lash'd the courfers, while one rul'd the reins.
 Such once I was! Now to these tasks succeeds
 740 A younger race, that emulate our deeds:
 I yield alas! (to age who must not yield?)
 Tho' once the foremost hero of the field.
 Go thou, my son! by gen'rous friendship led,
 With martial honours decorate the dead;
 745 While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands present,
 (Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent)
 Rejoic'd, of all the num'rous *Greeks*, to see
 Not one but honours sacred age and me:
 Those due distinctions thou so well canst pay.
 750 May the just Gods return another day.
 Proud of the Gift, thus spake the Full of Days:
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praise.

The prizes next are order'd to the field,
For the bold champions who the *Castus* wield.

755 A stately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,
Of six years age, unconscious of the yoke,
Is to the *Circus* led, and firmly bound;
Next stands a goblet, massy, large and round.
Achilles rising, thus: Let *Greece* excite

760 Two heroes equal to this hardy fight;
Who dares his foe with lifted arms provoke,
And rush beneath the long-descending stroke?
On whom *Apollo* shall the palm bestow,
And whom the *Greeks* supreme by conquest know,

765 This mule his dauntless labours shall repay;
The vanquish'd bear the massy bowl away.

This dreadful combate great *Epëus* chose,
High o'er the croud, enormous bulk! he rose,
And seiz'd the beast, and thus began to say:

770 Stand forth some man, to bear the bowl away!

(Price of his ruin :) For who dares deny

This mule my right? th' undoubted victor I.

Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battel shine,

But the first honours of this fight are mine;

775 For who excels in all: Then let my foe

Draw near, but first his certain fortune know,

Secure, this hand shall his whole frame confound,
 Mash all his bones, and all his body pound:

So let his friends be nigh, a needful train
 780 To heave the batter'd carcase off the plain.

The Giant spoke; and in a stupid gaze
 The host beheld him, silent with amaze!
 'Twas thou, *Euryalus*! who durst aspire
 To meet his might, and emulate thy fire,
 785 The great *Mecistheus*; who in days of yore
 In *Theban* games the noblest trophy bore,
 (The games ordain'd dead *Oedipus* to grace)
 And singly vanquish'd the *Cadmean* race.

Him great *Tydidēs* urges to contend,
 790 Warm with the hopes of conquest for his friend,
 Officious with the cincture girds him round;
 And to his wrist the gloves of death are bound.
 Amid the circle now each champion stands,
 And poises high in air his iron hands;
 795 With clashing gantlets now they fiercely close,
 Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
 And painful sweat from all their members flows.
 At length *Epēus* dealt a weighty blow
 Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;

Beneath

800 Beneath that pond'rous arm's resistless sway
 Down dropt he, nerveless, and extended lay.
 As a large fish, when winds and waters roar,
 By some huge billow dash'd against the shore,
 Lies panting: Not less batter'd with his wound,
 805 The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.
 To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends,
 Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;
 Whose arms support him, reeling thro' the throng,
 And dragging his disabled legs along;
 810 Nodding, his head hangs down, his shoulder o'er;
 His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore;
 Wrapt round in mists he lies, and lost to thought;
 His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.

The third bold game *Achilles* next demands,

815 And calls the Wrestlers to the level sands:
 A massy Tripod for the victor lies,
 Of twice six oxen its reputed price;
 And next, the losers spirits to restore,
 A female captive, valu'd but at four.

Scarce

ψ. 819. *A female captive, valu'd but at four.*] I cannot in civility neglect a remark made upon this passage by Madam *Dacier*, who highly resents the affront put upon her Sex by the ancients, who set (it seems) thrice the value upon a *Tripod* as upon a beautiful female slave: Nay, she is afraid the value
 of

- 820 Scarce did the chief the vig'rous strife propose,
 When tow'r-like *Ajax* and *Ulysses* rose.
 Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,
 Embracing rigid with implicit hands:
 Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt;
 825 Below, their planted feet at distance fixt:
 Like two strong rafters which the builder forms
 Proof to the wintry winds and howling storms,
 Their tops connected, but at wider space
 Fixt on the center stands their solid base.
 830 Now to the grasp each manly body bends;
 The humid sweat from ev'ry pore descends;

of women is not rais'd even in our days; for she says there are curious persons now living, who had rather have a true antique kettle, than the finest woman alive: I confess I entirely agree with the Lady, and must impute such opinions of the fair sex to want of taste in both ancients and moderns: The reader may remember that these *Tripods* were of no use, but made entirely for show; and consequently the most satyrical critick could only say, the Woman and *Tripod* ought to have born an equal value.

§. 826. *Like two strong rafters, &c.*] I will give the reader the words of *Eustathius* upon this similitude, which very happily represents the wrestlers in the posture of wrestling. Their heads lean'd one against the other, like the rafters that support the roof of a house; at the foot they are disjoin'd, and stand at a greater distance, which naturally paints the attitude of body in these two wrestlers, while they contend for victory.

Their

Their bones resound with blows: sides, shoulders, thighs,
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours rise.

Nor could *Ulysses*, for his art renown'd,

835 O'erturn the strength of *Ajax* on the ground;

Nor could the strength of *Ajax* overthrow

The watchful caution of his artful foe.

While the long strife ev'n tir'd the lookers-on,

Thus to *Ulysses* spoke great *Telamon*.

840 Or let me lift thee, Chief, or lift thou me:

Prove we our force, and *Jove* the rest decree.

He said; and straining, heav'd him off the ground

With matchless strength; that time *Ulysses* found

The strength t' evade, and where the nerves combine

845 His ankle strook: The Giant fell supine:

Ulysses following, on his bosom lies;

Shouts of applause run ratt'ling thro' the skies.

Ajax to lift, *Ulysses* next essays,

He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise:

His

ψ. 849. *He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise.*] The poet by this circumstance excellently maintains the character of *Ajax*, who has all along been describ'd as a strong, unwieldy warrior: He is so heavy that *Ulysses* can scarce lift him. The words that follow will bear a different meaning, either that *Ajax* lock'd his leg within that of *Ulysses*, or that *Ulysses* did it. *Eustatius* observes, that if *Ajax* gave *Ulysses* this shock, then he may be allow'd to have some appearance of an equality in the contest; but if *Ulysses* gave it, then *Ajax* must be acknowledg'd

850 His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt deny'd;
 And grappling close, they tumble side by side.
 Defil'd with honourable dust, they roll,
 Still breathing strife, and unsubdu'd of soul:
 Again they rage, again to combat rise;

855 When great *Achilles* thus divides the prize.
 Your noble vigour, oh my friends, restrain;
 Nor weary out your gen'rous strength in vain.
 Ye both have won: Let others who excel,
 Now prove that prowess you have prov'd so well.

860 The hero's words the willing chiefs obey,
 From their tir'd bodies wipe the dust away,
 And, cloth'd anew, the following games survey. }
 And now succeed the gifts, ordain'd to grace
 The youths contending in the rapid race.

865 A silver urn that full six measures held,
 By none in weight or workmanship excell'd:

acknowledg'd to have been foil'd: But (continues he) it appear'd to be otherwise to *Achilles*, who was the judge of the field, and therefore he gives them an equal prize, because they were equal in the contest.

Madam *Dacier* misrepresents *Eustathius* on this place, in saying he thinks it was *Ulysses* who gave the second stroke to *Ajax*, whereas it appears by the foregoing note that he rather determines otherwise in consent with the judgment given by *Achilles*.

Sidonian artists taught the frame to shine,
Elaborate, with artifice divine;
Whence *Tyrian* sailors did the prize transport,

870 And gave to *Thoas* at the *Lemnian* port:

From him descended good *Euneus* heir'd
The glorious gift; and, for *Lycaon* spar'd,
To brave *Patroclus* gave the rich reward.

}

Now, the same hero's funeral rites to grace,
875 It stands the prize of swiftnefs in the race.

A well-fed Ox was for the second plac'd;
And half a talent must content the last.

Achilles rising then bespoke the train:

}

Who hope the palm of swiftnefs to obtain,
880 Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain.

The hero said, and starting from his place,
Oilean Ajax rises to the race;

Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpast
His youthful equals, *Nestor's* son the last.

885 Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand;

Pelides points the barrier with his hand;

All start at once; *Oileus* led the race;

The next *Ulysses*, meas'ring pace with pace;

Behind him, diligently close, he sped,

890 As closely following as the running thread

The

The spindle follows, and displays the charms
 Of the fair spinster's breast, and moving arms :
 Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,
 And treads each footstep e'er the dust can rise :

895 His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays;
 Th' admiring *Greeks* loud acclamations raise,
 To him they give their wishes, hearts, and eyes,
 And send their souls before him as he flies.

Now three times turn'd in prospect of the goal,

900 The panting chief to *Pallas* lifts his soul :
 Assist, O Goddess! (thus in thought he pray'd)
 And present at his thought, descends the Maid:
 Buoy'd by her heav'nly force, he seems to swim,
 And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.

905 All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,
 Unhappy *Ajax* stumbles on the plain;
 (O'erturn'd by *Pallas*) where the slipp'ry shore
 Was clogg'd with slimy dung, and mingled gore.

✓. 901. *Assist, O Goddess! (thus in thought he pray'd)*] Nothing could be better adapted to the present circumstance of *Ulysses* than this prayer : It is short, and ought to be so, because the time would not allow him to make a longer ; nay, he prefers this petition mentally, *δὲν κατὰ θυμὸν* ; all his faculties are so bent upon the race, that he does not call off his attention from it, even to speak so short a petition as seven words, which comprehend the whole of it : Such passages as these are instances of great judgment in the poet.

(The

(The self-same place beside *Patroclus*' pyre,

910 Where late the slaughter'd victims fed the fire)

Besmeared with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,

Obscene to sight, the rueful racer lay;

The well-fed bull (the second prize) he shar'd,

And left the urn *Ulysses*' rich reward.

915 Then, grasping by the horn the mighty beast,

The baffled hero thus the *Greeks* address.

Accursed fate! the conquest I forego;

A mortal I, a Goddess was my foe:

She urg'd her fav'rite on the rapid way,

920 And *Pallas*, not *Ulysses*, won the day.

Thus sourly wail'd he, sputt'ring dirt and gore;

A burst of laughter echo'd thro' the shore,

Antilochus, more hum'rous than the rest,

Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jest.

925 Why with our wiser elders should we strive?

The Gods still love them, and they always thrive.

v. 924. *And takes it with a jest.*] *Antilochus* comes off very well, and wittily prevents raillery; by attributing the victory of his rivals to the protection which the Gods gave to age. By this he insinuates, that he has something to comfort himself with; (for youth is better than the prize) and that he may pretend hereafter to the same protection, since 'tis a privilege of seniority. *Dacier*,

Ye see, to *Ajax* I must yield the prize;
 He to *Ulysses*, still more ag'd and wise;
 (A green old age unconscious of decays,
 930 That proves the hero born in better days!)
 Behold his vigour in this active race!
Achilles only boasts a swifter pace:
 For who can match *Achilles*? He who can,
 Must yet be more than hero, or than man.
 935 Th'effect succeeds the speech. *Pelides* cries,
 Thy artful praise deserves a better prize.
 Nor *Greece* in vain shall hear thy friend extoll'd;
 Receive a talent of the purest gold.
 The youth departs content. The host admire
 940 The son of *Nestor*, worthy of his fire.
 Next these a buckler, spear and helm, he brings,
 Cast on the plain the brazen burthen rings:

* 933. *For who can match Achilles?*] There is great art in these transient complements to *Achilles*: That hero could not possibly shew his own superiority in these games by contending for any of the prizes, because he was the exhibiter of the sports: But *Homer* has found out a way to give him the victory in two of them. In the chariot-race *Achilles* is represented as being able to conquer every opponent, and though he speaks it himself, the poet brings it in so happily, that he speaks it without any indecency: And in this place *Antilochus* with a very good grace tells *Achilles*, that in the foot-race no one can dispute the prize with him. Thus tho' *Diomed* and *Ulysses* conquer in the chariot and foot-race, it is only because *Achilles* is not their antagonist.

Arms,

Arms, which of late divine *Sarpedon* wore,

And great *Patroclus* in short triumph bore.

945 Stand forth the bravest of our host ! (he cries)

Whoever dares deserve so rich a prize,

Now grace the lists before our army's fight,

And sheath'd in steel, provoke his foe to fight.

Who first the jointed armour shall explore,

950 And stain his rival's mail with issuing gore ;

The sword, *Asteropus* possess of old,

(A *Thracian* blade, distinct with studs of gold)

Shall pay the stroke, and grace the striker's side :

These arms in common let the chief divide :

γ. 949. *Who first the jointed armour shall explore.*] Some of the ancients have been shock'd at this combat, thinking it a barbarity that men in sport should thus contend for their lives ; and therefore *Aristophanes* the *Grammarian* made this alteration in the verses,

Ὀππότερός κεν πρῶτος ἐπιστάσας χροῖα καλὸν
Φθῆναι ἐπυξάμενος διὰ δ' ἔνλεα, &c.

But it is evident that they entirely mistook the meaning and intention of *Achilles* ; for he that gave the first wound was to be accounted the victor. How could *Achilles* promise to entertain them both in his tent after the combat, if he intended that one of them should fall in it ? This duel therefore was only a trial of skill, and as such single combats were frequent in the wars of those ages against adversaries, so this was proposed only to shew the dexterity of the combatants in that exercise. *Eustatbius*,

For

955 For each brave champion, when the combat ends,
A sumptuous banquet at our tent attends.

Fierce at the word, uprose great *Tydeus'* son,
And the huge bulk of *Ajax Telamon*.

Clad in refulgent steel, on either hand,

960 The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand:

Low'ring they meet, tremendous to the fight;

Each *Argive* bosom beats with fierce delight.

Oppos'd in arms not long they idly stood,

But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge renew'd.

965 A furious pass the spear of *Ajax* made

Thro' the broad shield, but at the corselet stay'd:

Not thus the foe: His jav'lin aim'd above

The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.

But *Greece* now trembling for her hero's life,

970 Bade share the honours, and surcease the strife.

Yet still the victor's due *Tydides* gains,

With him the sword and studded belt remains.

Then

∗. 971. *Yet still the victor's due Tydides gains.*] *Achilles* in this place acts the part of a very just arbitrator: Tho' the combat did not proceed to a full issue, yet *Diomed* had evidently the advantage, and consequently ought to be rewarded as victor, because he would have been victorious, had not the *Greeks* interpos'd.

I could have wish'd that the poet had given *Ajax* the prize in some of these contests. He undoubtedly was a very gallant

Then hurl'd the hero, thund'ring on the ground
 A mass of iron, (an enormous round)
 975 Whose weight and size the circling *Greeks* admire,
 Rude from the furnace, and but shap'd by fire.
 This mighty Quoit *Aëtion* wont to rear,
 And from his whirling arm dismiss in air:
 The Giant by *Achilles* slain, he stow'd
 980 Among his spoils this memorable load.
 For this, he bids those nervous artists vie,
 That teach the disk to sound along the sky.
 Let him whose might can hurl this bowl, arise,
 Who farthest hurls it, take it as his prize:
 985 If he be one, enrich'd with large domain
 Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,

Small

tant soldier, and has been describ'd as repulsing a whole army ; yet in all these sports he is foil'd. But perhaps the poet had a double view in this representation, not only to shew, that strength without conduct is usually unsuccessful, but also his design might be to complement the *Greeks* his countrymen ; by shewing that this *Ajax*, who had repell'd a whole army of *Trojans*, was not able to conquer any one of the *Grecian* worthies : For we find him overpower'd in three of these exercises.

✓. 985. *If he be one, enrich'd, &c.*] The poet in this place speaks in the simplicity of ancient times : The prodigious weight and size of the Quoit is describ'd with a noble plainness, peculiar to the Oriental way, and agreeable to the manners of those heroick ages. He does not set down the quantity of this enormous piece of iron, neither as to its bigness nor weight, but
 as

Small stock of iron needs that man provide;
 His hinds and swains whole years shall be supply'd
 From hence: nor ask the neighb'ring city's aid,
 990 For plow-shares, wheels, and all the rural trade.

Stern *Polypætes* stept before the throng,
 And great *Leonteus*, more than mortal strong:
 Whose force with rival forces to oppose,
 Uprose great *Ajax*; up *Epëus* rose.

995 Each stood in order: First *Epëus* threw;
 High o'er the wond'ring crouds the whirling circle flew.
Leonteus next a little space surpast,
 And third, the strength of god-like *Ajax* cast.
 O'er both their marks it flew; till fiercely flung
 1000 From *Polypætes*' arm, the *Discus* sung:
 Far, as a swain his whirling sheephook throws,
 That distant falls among the grazing cows,
 So past them all the rapid circle flies:
 His friends (while loud applauses shake the skies)
 1005 With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize.

as to the use it will be of to him who shall gain it. We see from hence, that the ancients in the prizes they propos'd, had in view not only the honourable, but the useful; a captive for work, a bull for tillage, a quoit for the provision of iron. Besides, it must be remember'd, that in those times iron was very scarce; and a sure sign of this scarcity, is, that their arms were brass. *Eustath. Dacier.*

Those,

Those, who in skilful archery contend
 He next invites the twanging bow to bend:
 And twice ten axes casts amidst the round,
 (Ten double-edg'd, and ten that singly wound.)
 1010 The mast, which late a first-rate galley bore,
 The hero fixes in the sandy shore:
 To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
 The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
 Whose weapon strikes yon' flutt'ring bird, shall bear
 1015 These two-edg'd axes, terrible in war;
 The fingle, he, whose shaft divides the cord.
 He said: Experienc'd *Merion* took the word;
 And skilful *Teucer*: In the helm they threw
 Their lots inscrib'd, and forth the latter flew.
 1020 Swift from the string the sounding arrow flies;
 But flies unblest! No grateful sacrifice,
 No firstling lambs, unheedful! didst thou vow
 To *Phœbus*, patron of the shaft and bow.
 For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn'd aside,
 1025 Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd:
 A-down the main-mast fell the parted string,
 And the free bird to heav'n displays her wing:
 Seas, shores, and skies with loud applause resound,
 And *Merion* eager meditates the wound:

1030 He takes the bow, directs the shaft above,
 And following with his eye the soaring dove,
 Implores the God to speed it thro' the skies,
 With vows of firstling lambs, and grateful sacrifice.
 The dove, in airy circles as she wheels,

1035 Amid the clouds the piercing arrow feels;

γ. 1030. *He takes the bow.*] There having been many editions of *Homer*, that of *Marseilles* represents these two rivals in archery as using two bows in the contest; and reads the verses thus,

Σπερχόμενος δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης ἐπέθη κατ' οἷζον
 Τόξω ἐν γὰρ χερσὶν ἔχε πάλα, ὥς ἴθυνεν.

Our common editions follow the better alteration of *Antimachus*, with this only difference, that he reads it

Ἐξείρυσσε τεύκρῃ τόξον. And they, Ἐξείρυσσε χειρὸς τόξον.

It is evident that these archers had but one bow, as they that threw the quoit had but one quoit; by these means the one had no advantage over the other, because both of them shot with the same bow. So that the common reading is undoubtedly the best, where the lines stand thus,

Σπερχόμενος δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης ἐξείρυσσε χειρὸς or τεύκρῃ
 Τόξον, ἀτὰρ δὴ οἷζον ἔχε πάλα, ὥς ἴθυνεν. *Eustath.*

This *Teucer* is the most eminent man for archery of any thro' the whole *Iliad*, yet he is here excell'd by *Meriones*: And the poet ascribes his miscarriage to the neglect of invoking *Apollo*, the God of archery; whereas *Meriones*, who invokes him, is crown'd with success. There is an excellent moral in this passage, and the poet would teach us, that without addressing to heaven we cannot succeed: *Meriones* does not conquer because he is the better archer, but because he is the better man.

Quite

Quite thro' and thro' the point its passage found,
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.

The wounded bird, e'er yet she breath'd her last,
With flagging wings alighted on the mast,

1040 A moment hung, and spread her pinions there,
Then sudden dropt, and left her life in air.

From the pleas'd croud new peals of thunder rise,
And to the ships brave *Merion* bears the prize.

To close the fun'ral games, *Achilles* last

1045 A massy spear amid the circle plac'd,
And ample charger of unfullied frame,

With flow'rs high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by flame.
For these he bids the heroes prove their art,

Whose dext'rous skill directs the flying dart.

1050 Here too great *Merion* hopes the noble prize;
Nor here disdain'd the King of men to rise.

With

✧. 1051. *Nor here disdain'd the King of men to rise.*] There is an admirable conduct in this passage; *Agamemnon* never contended for any of the former prizes, though of much greater value; so that he is a candidate for this, only to honour *Patroclus* and *Achilles*. The decency which the poet uses both in the choice of the game, in which *Agamemnon* is about to contend, and the giving him the prize without a contest, is very remarkable: The game was a warlike exercise, fit for the general of an army; the giving him the prize without a contest is a decency judiciously observed, because no one ought to be suppos'd to excel the general in any military art: *Agamemnon* does justice to his own character, for where-

With joy *Pelides* saw the honour paid,

Rose to the Monarch, and respectful said.

Thee first in virtue, as in pow'r supreme,

1055 O King of Nations! all thy *Greeks* proclaim;

In ev'ry martial game thy worth attest,

And know thee both their greatest, and their best.

Take then the prize, but let brave *Merion* bear

This beamy jav'lin in thy brother's war.

1060 Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praise to hear,

The King to *Merion* gives the brazen spear:

But, set apart for sacred use, commands

The glitt'ring charger to *Talthybius*' hands.

as he had been represented by *Achilles* in the opening of the poem as a covetous person, he now puts in for the prize that is of the least value, and generously gives even that to *Talthybius*. *Eustatbius*.

As to this last particular, of *Agamemnon*'s presenting the charger to *Talthybius*, I can't but be of a different opinion. It had been an affront to *Achilles* not to have accepted of his present on this occasion, and I believe the words of *Homer*,

Ταλθυβίῳ κήρυκι δίδω περικαλλῆς ἄεθλον,

mean no more, than that he put it into the hands of this herald to carry it to his ships; *Talthybius* being by his office an attendant upon *Agamemnon*.



IT will be expected I should here say something tending to a comparison between the games of *Homer* and those of *Virgil*. If I may own my private opinion, there is in general more variety of natural incidents, and a more lively picture of natural passions, in the games and persons of *Homer*. On the other hand, there seems to me more art, contrivance, gradation, and a greater pomp of verse in those of *Virgil*. The *chariot-race* is that which *Homer* has most labour'd, of which *Virgil* being sensible, he judiciously avoided the imitation of what he could not improve, and substituted in its place the *naval-course*, or *ship-race*. It is in this the *Roman* poet has employ'd all his force, as if on set purpose to rival his great master; but it is extremely observable how constantly he keeps *Homer* in his eye, and is afraid to depart from his very track, even when he had vary'd the subject itself. Accordingly the accidents of the naval-course have a strange resemblance with those of *Homer's* chariot-race. He could not forbear at the very beginning to draw a part of that description into a simile. Do not we see he has *Homer's* chariots in his head, by these lines;

*Non tam præcipites bijugo certamine campum
Corripuere, ruuntque effusi carcere currus.
Nec sic immissis aurigæ undantia lora
Concussere jugis, pronique in verbera pendent, Æn. v. v. 144.*

What is the encounter of *Cloanthus* and *Gyas* in the strait between the rocks, but the same with that of *Menelaüs* and *Antilochus* in the hollow way? Had the galley of *Sergestus* been broken, if the chariot of *Eumelus* had not been demolish'd? Or *Mnestheus* been cast from the helm, had not the other been thrown from his seat? Does not *Mnestheus* exhort his rowers in the very words *Antilochus* had us'd to his horses?

*Non jam prima peto Mnestheus, neque vincere certo.
Quamquam O! sed superent quibus hoc Neptune dedisti;
Extremos pudeat rediisse! hoc vincite, cives,
Et prohibete nefas——*

*Εμβήλον, καὶ σφῶϊ τῆλαίνετον ὅττι τάχιστα.

*Ἡ τοι μὲν κείνοισιν ἐριζέμεν ἔστι κελεύω

Τυδεΐδῳ ἵπποισι δαΐφρονος, οἷσιν Ἀθήνη

Νῦν ὥρεξε τάχος——

Ἴππες δ' Ἀλρείδαο κινχάνειε, μηδὲ λίπησθον,
 Καρπαλίμως, μὴ σφῶιν ἐλεσκέειν καλαχεύη
 Ἀίθῃ θῆλυς ἔῃσα—

Upon the whole, the description of the sea-race I think has the more poetry and majesty, that of the chariots more nature and lively incidents. There is nothing in *Virgil* so picturesque, so animated, or which so much marks the characters, as the episodes of *Antilochus* and *Menelaüs*, *Ajax* and *Idomeneus*, with that beautiful interposition of old *Nestor*, (so naturally introduc'd into an affair where one so little expects him.) On the other side, in *Virgil* the description itself is nobler; it has something more ostentatiously grand, and seems a spectacle more worthy the presence of princes and great persons.

In three other games we find the *Roman* poet contending openly with the *Grecian*. That of the *Cæstus* is in great part a verbal translation: But it must be own'd in favour of *Virgil*, that he has vary'd from *Homer* in the event of the combat with admirable judgment and with an improvement of the moral. *Epeüs* and *Dares* are describ'd by both poets as vain boasters; but *Virgil* with more poetical justice punishes *Dares* for his arrogance, whereas the presumption and pride of *Epeüs* is rewarded by *Homer*.

On the contrary, in the *foot-race*, I am of opinion that *Homer* has shewn more judgment and morality than *Virgil*. *Nisus* in the latter is unjust to his adversary in favour of his friend *Euryalus*; so that *Euryalus* wins the race by palpable fraud, and yet the poet gives him the first prize; whereas *Homer* makes *Ulysses* victorious, purely thro' the mischance of *Ajax*, and his own piety in invoking *Minerva*.

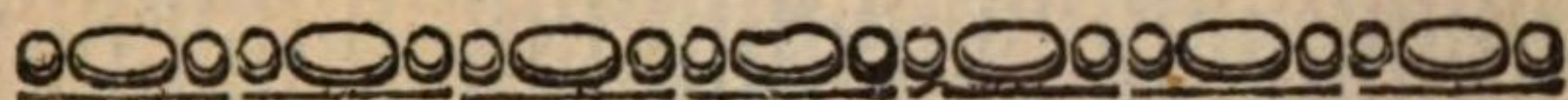
The *shooting* is also a direct copy, but with the addition of two circumstances which make a beautiful gradation. In *Homer* the first archer cuts the string that held the bird, and the other shoots him as he is mounting. In *Virgil* the first only hits the mast which the bird was fix'd upon, the second cuts the string, the third shoots him, and the fourth to vaunt the strength of his arm directs his arrow up to heaven, where it kindles into a flame, and makes a prodigy. This last is certainly superiour to *Homer* in what they call the *wonderful*: But what is the *intent* or *effect* of this prodigy, or whether a reader is not at least as much surprized at it, as at the most unreasonable parts in *Homer*, I leave to those criticks who are more inclin'd to find faults than I am: Nor shall I observe upon

upon the many literal imitations in the *Roman* poet, to object against which were to derogate from the merit of those fine passages, which *Virgil* was so very sensible of, that he was resolv'd to take them, at any rate, to himself.

There remain in *Homer* three games untouch'd by *Virgil*; the *wrestling*, the *single combate*, and the *Discus*. In *Virgil* there is only the *Lusus Trojæ* added, which is purely his own, and must be confest to be inimitable: I don't know whether I may be allow'd to say, it is worth all those three of *Homer*?

I could not forgive myself if I omitted to mention in this place the Funeral games in the sixth *Thebaïd* of *Statius*; it is by much the most beautiful book of that poem. It's very remarkable, that he has follow'd *Homer* thro' the whole course of his games: There is the *chariot-race*, the *foot-race*, the *Discus*, the *Cæstus*, the *wrestling*, the *single combate* (which is put off in the same manner as in *Homer*) and the *shooting*; which last ends (as in *Virgil*) with a prodigy: Yet in the particular descriptions of each of these games this poet has not borrow'd from either of his predecessors, and his poem is so much the worse for it.





THE
TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.



F 5



The A R G U M E N T.

The redemption of the body of *Hector*.

THE Gods deliberate about the redemption of *Hector*'s body. Jupiter sends *Thetis* to *Achilles* to dispose him for the restoring it, and *Iris* to *Priam*, to encourage him to go in person, and treat for it. The old King, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his Queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encourag'd by an Omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a wagon loaded with presents under the charge of *Idæus* the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of *Achilles*. Their conversation on the way. *Priam* finds *Achilles* at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son; *Achilles*, mov'd with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body: The Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentations of *Andromache*, *Hecuba*, and *Helen*, with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employ'd in this book, while the body of *Hector* lies in the tent of *Achilles*. And as many more are spent in the truce allow'd for his interment. The scene is partly in *Achilles*'s camp, and partly in *Troy*.



Priam, extremely afflicted at Achilles's inhumanity to the Body of Hector, which he disgracefully drags three times a day round Patroclus's Tomb, comes to him & begs it: That Prince touch'd with his Grief & Submission, grants his Request w^{ch} is follow'd with Magnificent Funerals celebrated by the Trojans for Hector. B. XXIV.

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THE
TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

NOW from the finish'd games the *Grecian* band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crouded
Strand:

All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
Not so *Achilles*: He, to grief resign'd,
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep,
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep,

Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,
 10 And all his soul on his *Patroclus* fed:
 The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,
 That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
 What toils they shar'd, what martial works they wrought,
 What seas they measur'd, and what fields they fought;

¶. 14. *What seas they measur'd, &c.*] There is something very noble in these sentiments of *Achilles*: He does not recollect any soft moments, any tenderneſſes that had paſſ'd between him and *Patroclus*, but he revolves the many difficulties, the toils by land, and the dangers by ſea, in which they had been companions: Thus the poet on all occaſions admirably ſuſtains the character of *Achilles*; when he play'd upon the harp in the ninth book, he ſung the atchievements of kings; and in this place there is an air of greatneſs in his very ſorrows: *Achilles* is as much a hero when he weeps, as when he fights.

This paſſage in *Homer* has not eſcap'd the cenſure of *Plato*, who thought it a diminution to his character to be thus tranſported with grief; but the objection will vaniſh, if we remember that all the paſſions of *Achilles* are in the extreme; his nature is violent, and it would have been an outrage to his general character to have repreſented him as mourning moderately for his friend. *Plato* ſpoke more like a philoſopher than a critick when he blamed the behaviour of *Achilles* as unmanly: Theſe tears would have ill become *Plato*, but they are graceful in *Achilles*.

Befides, there is ſomething very inſtructive in this whole representation, it ſhews us the power of a ſincere friendſhip, and ſoftens and recommends the character of *Achilles*; the violence he us'd towards his enemy is alleviated by the ſincerity he expreſſes towards his friend; he is a terrible enemy, but an amiable friend.

15 All past before him in remembrance dear,
Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day:
Then starting up, disconsolate he goes

20 Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.

There as the solitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves :

Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd ;

The chariot flies, and *Hector* trails behind.

25 And thrice *Patroclus* ! round thy monument
Was *Hector* dragg'd, then hurry'd to the tent.

There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
While foul in dust th' unhonour'd carcase lies,
But not deserted by the pitying skies.

}

30 For *Phæbus* watch'd it with superior care,

Preserv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air ;

ψ. 30. For *Phæbus* watch'd it, &c.] *Eustathius* says, that by this shield of *Apollo* are meant the clouds that are drawn up by the beams of the sun, which cooling and qualifying the sultriness of the air, preserved the body from decay : But perhaps the poet had something farther in his eye when he introduc'd *Apollo* upon this occasion : *Apollo* is a physician and the God of medicaments ; if therefore *Achilles* used any arts to preserve *Hector* from decay, that he might be able the longer to insult his remains, *Apollo* may properly be said to protect it with his *Ægis*.

And

And ignominious as it swept the field,
 Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shield.
 All heav'n was mov'd, and *Hermes* will'd to go
 35 By stealth to snatch him from th' insulting foe:
 But *Neptune* this, and *Pallas* this denies,
 And th' unrelenting Empress of the skies:

E'er

ψ. 36. *But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies.*] It is with excellent art that the poet carries on this part of the poem: he shews that he could have contriv'd another way to recover the body of *Hector*, but as a God is never to be introduc'd but when human means fail, he rejects the interposition of *Mercury*, makes use of ordinary methods, and *Priam* redeems his son: This gives an air of probability to the relation, at the same time that it advances the glory of *Achilles*; for the greatest of his enemies labours to purchase his favour, the Gods hold a consultation, and a King becomes his suppliant. *Eustathius*.

Those seven lines, from Κλέψαι δ' ὠτρύνεσκον Μαχλοσύνην ἀλεγεινὴν, have been thought spurious by some of the ancients: They judg'd it as an indecency that the goddess of wisdom and *Achilles* should be equally inexorable; and that it was below the majesty of the Gods to be said to steal. Besides, say they, had *Homer* been acquainted with the judgment of *Paris*, he would undoubtedly have mention'd it before this time in his poem, and consequently that story was of a later invention: And *Aristarchus* affirms that Μαχλοσύνη is a more modern word, and never known before the time of *Hesiod*, who uses it when he speaks of the daughters of *Prætus*; and adds, that it is appropriated to signify the incontinence of women, and cannot be at all apply'd to men: Therefore others read the last verse,

Ἡ οἱ κεχαρισμένα δῶρ δνόμηνε.

These objections are entirely gather'd from *Eustathius*; to which

E'er since that day implacable to *Troy*,

What time young *Paris*, simple shepherd boy,

40 Won by destructive lust (Reward obscene)

Their charms rejected from the *Cyprian* Queen.

But when the tenth coelestial morning broke;

To heav'n assembled, thus *Apollo* spoke.

Unpitying pow'rs! how oft' each holy fane

45 Has *Hector* ting'd with blood of victims slain?

And can ye still his cold remains pursue?

Still grudge his body to the *Trojans* view?

Deny to consort, mother, son, and fire,

The last sad honours of a fun'ral fire?

which we may add, that *Macrobius* seems to have been one of those who rejected these verses, since he affirms that our author never mentions the judgment of *Paris*. It may be answer'd, that the silence of *Homer* in the foregoing part of the poem, as to the judgment of *Paris*, is no argument that he was ignorant of that story: Perhaps he might think it most proper to unfold the cause of the destruction of *Troy* in the conclusion of the *Ilias*; that the reader seeing the wrong done, and the punishment of that wrong immediately following, might acknowledge the justice of it.

The same reason will be an answer to the objection relating to the anger of *Pallas*: Wisdom cannot be satisfy'd without Justice, and consequently *Pallas* ought not to cease from resentment, till *Troy* has suffer'd the deserts of her crimes.

I cannot think that the objection about the word *Μαχλοσύνη* is of any weight; the date of words is utterly uncertain, and as no one has been able to determine the ages of *Homer* and *Hesiod*, so neither can any person be assured that such words were not in use in *Homer's* days.

- 50 Is then the dire *Achilles* all your care?
 That iron heart, inflexibly severe;
 A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide
 In strength of rage and impotence of pride,
 Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,
 55 Invades around, and breathes but to destroy.
 Shame is not of his soul; nor understood,
 The greatest evil and the greatest good.
 Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,
 Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
 60 To lose a friend, a brother, or a son,
 Heav'n dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
 A while they sorrow, then dismiss their care;
 Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
 But this Insatiate the commission giv'n
 65 By fate, exceeds; and tempts the wrath of heav'n:
 Lo how his rage dishonest drags along
Hector's dead earth insensible of wrong!

ψ. 52. *A lion, not a man, &c.*] This is a very formal condemnation of the morals of *Achilles*, which *Homer* puts into the mouth of a God. One may see from this alone that he was far from designing his hero a virtuous character; yet the poet artfully introduces *Apollo* in the midst of his reproaches, intermingling the hero's praises with his blemishes: *Brave tho' he be, &c.* Thus what is the real merit of *Achilles* is distinguish'd from what is blameable in his character, and we see *Apollo* or the God of wisdom, is no less impartial than just in his representation of *Achilles*.

Brave

Brave tho' he be, yet by no reason aw'd,
He violates the laws of Man and God.

70 If equal honours by the partial skies
Are doom'd both heroes, (*Juno* thus replies)
If *Thetis'* son must no distinction know,
Then hear, ye Gods! the Patron of the Bow.
But *Hector* only boasts a mortal claim,

75 His birth deriving from a mortal dame :
Achilles of your own æthereal race
Springs from a Goddess, by a man's embrace ;
(A Goddess by our self to *Peleus* giv'n,
A man divine, and chosen friend of heav'n.)

80 To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode
Your selves were present ; where this Minstrel-God
(Well-pleas'd to share the feast,) amid the quire
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.

Then thus the Thund'rer checksth' imperial dame:

85 Let not thy wrath the court of heav'n inflame;
Their merits, nor their honours, are the same.

But mine, and ev'ry God's peculiar grace

Hector deserves, of all the *Trojan* race :

Still on our shrines his grateful off'rings lay,

90 (The only honours men to Gods can pay)

Nor

Nor ever from our smoking altar ceast
 The pure libation, and the holy feast.
 Howe'er by stealth to snatch the corse away,
 We will not : *Thetis* guards it night and day.

95 But haste, and summon to our courts above
 The azure Queen ; let her persuasion move
 Her furious son from *Priam* to receive
 The proffer'd ransom, and the corse to leave.

He added not : And *Iris* from the skies,
 100 Swift as a whirlwind on the message flies,
 Meteorous the face of Ocean sweeps,
 Refulgent gliding o'er the fable deeps.
 Between where *Samos* wide his forests spreads,
 And rocky *Imbrus* lifts its pointed heads,

105 Down plung'd the maid ; (the parted waves resound)
 She plung'd, and instant shot the dark profound.
 As bearing death in the fallacious bait
 From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight ;
 So past the Goddess thro' the closing wave,

110 Where *Thetis* sorrow'd in her secret cave :
 There plac'd amidst her melancholy train
 (The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main)

Pensive she fate, revolving fates to come,
And wept her god-like son's approaching doom:

115 Then thus the Goddess of the painted bow.
Arise! O *Thetis*, from thy seats below.
'Tis *Jove* that calls. And why (the Dame replies)
Calls *Jove* his *Thetis* to the hated skies?
Sad object as I am for heav'nly sight!

120 Ah! may my sorrows ever shun the light!
Howe'er be heav'n's almighty Sire obey'd——
She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,

ψ. 114. *And wept her God-like son's approaching doom.*] These words are very artfully inserted by the poet. The poem could not proceed to the death of *Achilles* without breaking the action; and therefore to satisfy the curiosity of the reader concerning the fate of this great man, he takes care to inform us that his life draws to a period, and as it were celebrates his funeral before his death.

Such circumstances as these greatly raise the character of *Achilles*; he is so truly valiant, that tho' he knows he must fall before *Troy*, yet he does not abstain from the war, but courageously meets his death: And here I think it proper to insert an observation that ought to have been made before, which is, that *Achilles* did not know that *Hector* was to fall by his hand; if he had known it, where would have been the mighty courage in engaging him in a single combat, in which he was sure to conquer? The contrary of this is evident from the words of *Achilles* to *Hector* just before the combat,

——Πρὶν γ' ἢ ἑτερόν γε πεσόντα
Αἵμαλος ἄσαι ἄρηα, &c.——

I will make no compacts with thee, says Achilles, but one of us shall fall.

Which,

Which, flowing long, her graceful person clad;
And forth she pac'd, majestically sad.

125 Then thro' the world of waters, they repair
(The way fair *Iris* led) to upper air.

The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,
And touch with momentary flight the skies.

There in the light'ning's blaze the Sire they found,
130 And all the Gods in shining synod round.

Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face,
(*Minerva* rising, gave the mourner place)

Ev'n *Juno* sought her sorrows to console,
And offer'd from her hand the Nectar bowl:

135 She tasted, and resign'd it: Then began

The sacred Sire of Gods and mortal man:

Thou com'st, fair *Thetis*, but with grief o'ercast,
Maternal sorrows, long, ah long to last!

Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:

140 But yield to Fate, and hear what *Jove* declares.

Nine days are past, since all the court above

In *Hector's* cause have mov'd the ear of *Jove*;

'Twas

ψ. 141. *Nine days are past, since all the court above, &c.]* It may be thought that so many interpositions of the Gods, such messages from heaven to earth, and down to the seas, are needless machines; and it may be imagin'd that it is an offence

'Twas voted, *Hermes* from his god-like foe
 By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so:
 145 We will, thy son himself the corse restore,
 And to his conquest add this glory more.
 Then hye thee to him, and our mandate bear;
 Tell him he tempts the wrath of heav'n too far:
 Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
 150 Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead:

fence against probability that so many Deities should be employ'd to pacify *Achilles*: But I am of opinion that the poet conducts this whole affair with admirable judgment. The poem is now almost at the conclusion, and *Achilles* is to pass from a state of an almost inexorable resentment to a state of perfect tranquillity; such a change could not be brought about by human means; *Achilles* is too stubborn to obey any thing less than a God: This is evident from his rejecting the persuasion of the whole *Grecian* army to return to the battel: So that it appears that this machinery was necessary, and consequently a beauty to the poem.

It may be farther added, that these several incidents proceed from *Jupiter*: It is by his appointment that so many Gods are employ'd to attend *Achilles*. By these means *Jupiter* fulfils the promise mention'd in the first book, of honouring the son of *Thetis*, and *Homer* excellently sustains his character by representing the inexorable *Achilles* as not parting with the body of his mortal enemy, but by the immediate command of *Jupiter*.

If the poet had conducted these incidents merely by human means, or suppos'd *Achilles* to restore the body of *Hector* entirely out of compassion, the draught had been unnatural, because unlike *Achilles*: Such a violence of temper was not to be pacify'd by ordinary methods. Besides, he has made use of the properest personages to carry on the affair; for who could be suppos'd to have so great an influence upon *Achilles* as his own mother, who is a goddess?

But

But yield to ransom and the father's pray'r.

The mournful father *Iris* shall prepare,

With gifts to sue ; and offer to his hands

Whate'er his honour asks, or heart demands.

155 His word the silver-footed Queen attends,

And from *Olympus*' snowy tops descends,

Arriv'd, she heard the voice of loud lament,

And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent.

His friends prepare the victim, and dispose

160 Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes.

The Goddess seats her by her pensive son,

She prest his hand, and tender thus begun.

How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrows flow?

And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe?

165 Mindless of food, or Love whose pleasing reign

Sooths weary life, and softens human pain.

O snatch the moments yet within thy pow'r,

Nor long to live, indulge the am'rous hour!

Lo!

ψ. 164. *And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe.*] This expression in the original is very particular. Were it to be translated literally, it must be render'd, how long wilt thou eat, or prey upon thy own heart by these sorrows? And it seems that it was a common way of expressing a deep sorrow; and *Pythagoras* uses it in this sense, μη ἐσθίειν καρδίαν, that is, grieve not excessively, let not sorrow make too great an impression upon thy heart. *Eustathius*.

ψ. 168. ——— *Indulge the am'rous hour!*] The ancients (says *Eustathius*)

Lo! *Jove* himself (for *Jove's* command I bear)
 170 Forbids to tempt the wrath of heav'n too far,
 No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
 Detain the relicks of great *Hector* dead;
 Nor

Eustathius) rejected these verses because of the indecent idea they convey: The goddess in plain terms advises *Achilles* to go to bed to his mistress, and tells him a woman will be a comfort. The good bishop is of opinion, that they ought to be rejected, but the reason he gives is as extraordinary as that of *Tbetis*: Soldiers, says he, have more occasion for something to strengthen themselves with, than for women: And this is the reason, continues he, why wrestlers are forbid all commerce with that sex during the whole time of their exercise.

Dionysius of *Halicarnassus* endeavours to justify *Homer* by observing that this advice of *Tbetis* was not given him to induce him to any wantonness, but was intended to indulge a nobler passion, his desire of glory: She advises him to go to that captive who was restor'd to him in a publick manner, to satisfy his honour: To that captive, the detention of whom had been so great a punishment to the whole *Grecian* army: And therefore *Tbetis* uses a very proper motive to comfort her son, by advising him to gratify at once both his love and his glory.

Plutarch has likewise labour'd in *Homer's* justification; he observes that the poet has set the picture of *Achilles* in this place in a very fair and strong point of light: Tho' *Achilles* had so lately receiv'd his belov'd *Briseis* from the hands of *Agamemnon*; tho' he knew that his own life drew to a sudden period, yet the hero prevails over the lover, and he does not haste to indulge his love: He does not lament *Patroclus* like a common man by neglecting the duties of life, but he abstains from all pleasures by an excess of sorrow, and the love of his mistress is lost in that of his friend.

This observation excellently justifies *Achilles*, in not indulging himself with the company of his mistress: The hero indeed prevails so much over the lover, that *Tbetis* thinks herself oblig'd to recall *Briseis* to his memory. Yet still the indecency remains.

Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain,
But yield to ransom, and restore the slain.

175 To whom *Achilles*: Be the ransom giv'n,
And we submit, since such the will of heav'n.

While thus they commun'd, from th' *Olympian* bow'rs
Jove orders *Iris* to the *Trojan* tow'rs.

Haste, winged Goddess! to the sacred town,
180 And urge her Monarch to redeem his son;

remains. All that can be said in favour of *Thetis* is, that she was mother to *Achilles*, and consequently might take the greater freedom with her son.

Madam *Dacier* disapproves of both the former observations: She has recourse to the lawfulness of such a practice between *Achilles* and *Briseïs*; and because such commerces in those times were reputed honest, therefore she thinks the advice was decent: The married ladies are oblig'd to her for this observation, and I hope all tender mothers, when their sons are afflicted, will advise them to comfort themselves in this manner.

In short, I am of opinion that this passage outrages decency; and 'tis a sign of some weakness to have so much occasion of justification. Indeed the whole passage is capable of a serious construction, and of such a sense as a mother might express to a son with decency: And then it will run thus; "Why art thou, my son, thus afflicted? Why thus resign'd to sorrow? Can neither sleep nor love divert you? Short is thy date of life, spend it not all in weeping, but allow some part of it to love and pleasure!" But still the indecency lies in the manner of the expression, which must be allow'd to be almost obscene, (for such is the word *μίσσεσθ' misceri*) all that can be said in defence of it is, that as we are not competent judges of what ideas words might carry in *Homer's* time, so we ought not entirely to condemn him, because it is possible the expression might not sound so indecently in ancient, as in modern ears.

Alone,

Alone, the *Ilian* ramparts let him leave,
 And bear what stern *Achilles* may receive:
 Alone, for so we will: No *Trojan* near;
 Except to place the dead with decent care,
 185 Some aged herald, who with gentle hand,
 May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.
 Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,
 Safe thro' the foe by our protection led:
 Him *Hermes* to *Achilles* shall convey,
 190 Guard of his life, and partner of his way.
 Fierce as he is, *Achilles*' self shall spare
 His age, nor touch one venerable hair;

Some

γ. 189. *Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey.*] The intervention of *Mercury* was very necessary at this time, and by it the poet not only gives an air of probability to the relation, but also pays a complement to his countrymen the *Grecians*: They kept so strict a guard that nothing but a God could pass unobserv'd, this highly recommends their military discipline; and *Priam* not being able to carry the ransom without a chariot, it would have been an offence against probability to have suppos'd him able to have pass'd all the guards of the army in his chariot, without the assistance of some deity: *Horace* had this passage in his view, Ode the 10th of the first book.

Iniqua Trojæ castra fefellit.

γ. 191. — *Achilles' self shall spare
 His age, nor touch one venerable hair, &c.*] It is observable that every word here is a negative, ἀφρων, ἄσκοπος, ἀλιτήμων; *Achilles* is still so angry that *Jupiter* cannot say he is wise, judicious, and merciful; he only com-
 Vo L. VI, G mends

Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.

195 Then down her bow the winged *Iris* drives,
And swift at *Priam's* mournful court arrives:
Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
Sate bath'd in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.

mends him negatively, and barely says he is not a madman, nor perversely wicked.

It is the observation of the ancients, says *Eustathius*, that all the causes of the sins of man are included in those three words: Man offends either out of ignorance, and then he is ἄφρων; or thro' inadvertency, then he is ἄσκοπος; or wilfully and maliciously, and then he is ἀλήμων. So that this description agrees very well with the present disposition of *Achilles*; he is not ἄφρων, because his resentment begins to abate; he is not ἄσκοπος, because his mother has given him instructions; nor ἀλήμων, because he will not offend against the injunctions of *Jupiter*.

ψ. 195. *The winged Iris flies, &c.*] *Monf. Rapin* has been very free upon this passage, where so many machines are made use of, to cause *Priam* to obtain the body of *Hector* from *Achilles*. "This father (says he) who has so much tenderness for his son, who is so superstitious in observing the funeral ceremonies, and saving those precious remains from the dogs and vultures; ought not he to have thought of doing this himself, without being thus expressly commanded by the Gods? Was there need of a machine to make him remember that he was a father?" But this critick entirely forgets what render'd such a conduct of absolute necessity; namely, the extreme danger and (in all probability) imminent ruin both of the king and state, upon *Priam's* putting himself into the power of his most inveterate enemy. There was no other method of recovering *Hector*, and of discharging his funeral rites (which were look'd upon by the ancients of so high importance) and therefore the message from *Jupiter* to encourage *Priam*, with the assistance of *Mercury* to conduct him, and to prepare *Achilles* to receive him with favour, was far from impertinent: It was *dignus vindice nodus*, as *Horace* expresses it.

And

And all amidst them lay the hoary fire,
 200 (Sad scene of woe!) His face his wrapt attire
 Conceal'd from sight; with frantick hands he spread
 A show'r of ashes o'er his neck and head.
 From room to room his pensive daughters roam;
 Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;
 205 Mindful of those, who, late their pride and joy,
 Lie pale and breathless round the fields of *Troy*!
 Before the King *Jove's* messenger appears,
 And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears.
 Fear not, oh father! no ill news I bear;
 210 From *Jove* I come, *Jove* makes thee still his care:
 For *Hector's* sake these walls he bids thee leave,
 And bear what stern *Achilles* may receive:
 Alone, for so he wills: No *Trojan* near,
 Except to place the dead with decent care,
 215 Some aged herald, who with gentle hand,
 May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.

✧. 200. *His face his wrapt attire Conceal'd from sight.*] The poet has observ'd a great decency in this place; he was not able to express the grief of this royal mourner, and so covers what he could not represent. From this passage *Semantes* the *Sicyonian* painter borrow'd his design in the sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, and represents his *Agamemnon*, as *Homer* does his *Priam*: *Æschylus* has likewise imitated this place, and draws his *Niobe* exactly after the manner of *Homer*. *Eustathius*.

Nor shalt thou death, nor shalt thou danger dread ;
Safe thro' the foe by his protection led :

Thee *Hermes* to *Pelides* shall convey,

220 Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.

Fierce as he is, *Achilles'* self shall spare

Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair ;

Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,

Some sense of duty, some desire to save.

225 She spoke, and vanish'd. *Priam* bids prepare

His gentle mules, and harness to the car ;

There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay :

His pious sons the King's command obey.

Then past the Monarch to his bridal-room,

230 Where Cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,

And where the treasures of his empire lay ;

Then call'd his Queen, and thus began to say.

Unhappy consort of a King distressed !

Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast :

235 I saw descend the messenger of *Jove*,

Who bids me try *Achilles'* mind to move ;

Forfake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain

The corps of *Hector*, at yon' navy slain.

Tell me thy thought : My heart impels to go

240 Thro' hostile camps, and bears me to the foe.

The

The hoary Monarch thus. Her piercing cries
Sad *Hecuba* renews, and then replies.

Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?

And where the prudence now that aw'd mankind?

245 Thro' *Phrygia* once, and foreign regions known,

Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown!

Singly to pass thro' hosts of foes! to face

(Oh heart of steel!) the Murd'rer of thy race!

To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er

250 Those hands, yet red with *Hector's* noble gore!

Alas! my Lord! he knows not how to spare,

And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare;

So brave! so many fall'n! To calm his rage

Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.

255 No——pent in this sad palace, let us give

To grief, the wretched days we have to live.

Still, still for *Hector* let our sorrows flow,

Born to his own, and to his parents woe!

Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun,

260 To dogs, to vultures, and to *Peleus'* son!

Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay

My rage, and these barbarities repay!

For ah! could *Hector* merit thus? whose breath

Expir'd not meanly, in unactive death:

- 265 He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,
 And fell a hero in his country's right.
 Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright
 With words of omen, like a bird of night;
 (Reply'd unmov'd the venerable man)
- 270 'Tis heav'n commands me, and you urge in vain.
 Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
 Nor augur, priest, or seer had been obey'd.
 A present Goddess brought the high command,
 I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
- 275 I go, ye Gods! obedient to your call:
 If in yon' camp your pow'rs have doom'd my fall,
 Content—By the same hand let me expire!
 Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched fire!
 One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,
- 280 And my last tears flow mingled with his blood!
 From forth his open'd stores, this said, he drew
 Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue,

ψ. 265. *He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,
 And fell a hero———*] This whole discourse of
Hecuba is exceedingly natural, she aggravates the features of
Achilles, and softens those of *Hector*: Her anger blinds her so
 much, that she can see nothing great in *Achilles*, and her fond-
 ness so much, that she can discern no defects in *Hector*. Thus
 she draws *Achilles* in the fiercest colours, like a *Barbarian*, and
 calls him ὠμῆς υἱός: But at the same time forgets that *Hector*
 ever fled from *Achilles*, and in the original directly tells us
 that *he knew not how to fear, or how to fly*. Eustathius.

As

As many vests, as many mantles told,
 And twelve fair veils, and garments stiff with gold.
 285 Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine,
 With ten pure talents from the richest mine;
 And last a large well-labour'd bowl had place,
 (The pledge of treaties once with friendly *Thrace*)
 Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,
 290 For one last look to buy him back to *Troy*!
 Lo! the sad father, frantick with his pain,
 Around him furious drives his menial train:

In

¶. 291. *Lo! the sad father, &c.*] This behaviour of *Priam* is very natural to a person in his circumstances: The loss of his favourite son makes so deep an impression upon his spirits, that he is incapable of consolation; he is displeased with every body; he is angry he knows not why; the disorder and hurry of his spirits make him break out into passionate expressions, and those expressions are contain'd in short periods, very natural to men in anger, who give not themselves leisure to express their sentiments at full length: It is from the same passion that *Priam*, in the second speech, treats all his sons with the utmost indignity, calls them gluttons, dancers, and flatterers. *Eustathius* very justly remarks, that he had *Paris* particularly in his eye; but his anger makes him transfer that character to the rest of his children, not being calm enough to make a distinction between the innocent and guilty.

That passage where he runs into the praises of *Hector*, is particularly natural: His concern and fondness make him as extravagant in the commendation of him, as in the disparagement of his other sons: They are less than mortals, he more than man. *Rapin* has censur'd this anger of *Priam* as a breach of the manners, and says he might have shewn himself a father, otherwise than by this usage of his children.

In vain each slave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.

295 What make ye here? officious crouds! (he cries)

Hence! nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.

Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there?

Am I the only object of despair?

Am I become my people's common show,

300 Set up by *Jove* your spectacle of woe?

No, you must feel him too; yourselves must fall;

The same stern God to ruin gives you all:

Nor is great *Hector* lost by me alone;

Your sole defence, your guardian pow'r is gone!

305 I see your blood the fields of *Phrygia* drown,

I see the ruins of your smoaking town!

Oh send me, Gods! e'er that sad day shall come,

A willing ghost to *Pluto's* dreary dome!

But whoever considers his circumstances, will judge after another manner. *Priam*, after having been the most wealthy, most powerful and formidable monarch of *Asia*, becomes all at once the most miserable of men; he loses in less than eight days the best of his army, and a great number of virtuous sons; he loses the bravest of them all, his glory and his defence, the gallant *Hector*. This last blow sinks him quite, and changes him so much, that he is no longer the same: He becomes impatient, frantick, unreasonable! the terrible effect of ill fortune! Whoever has the least insight into nature, must admire so fine a picture of the force of adversity on an unhappy old man.

He

He said, and feebly drives his friends away;

310 The forrowing friends his frantick rage obey.

Next on his sons his erring fury falls,

Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls,

His threats *Deiphobus* and *Dius* hear,

Hippothoüs, Pammon, Helenus the seer,

315 And gen'rous *Antiphon*: For yet these nine

Surviv'd, sad relicks of his num'rous line.

Inglorious sons of an unhappy fire!

Why did not all in *Hector's* cause expire?

Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,

320 You, the disgrace of *Priam's* house, remain!

Mestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,

With *Troilus*, dreadful on his rushing car,

And last great *Hector*, more than man divine,

For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!

325 All those relentless *Mars* untimely flew,

And left me these, a soft and servile crew,

Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,

Gluttons and flatt'ers, the contempt of *Troy*!

ÿ. 313. *Deiphobus* and *Dius*.] It has been a dispute whether *Δῖος* or *Ἀλκίδης*, in ÿ. 251. was a proper name; but *Pherocydes* (says *Eustathius*) determines it, and assures us that *Dios* was a spurious son of *Priam*,

Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,

330 And speed my journey to redeem my son?

The sons their father's wretched age revere,

Forgive his anger, and produce the car.

High on the seat the cabinet they bind :

The new-made car with solid beauty shin'd ;

335 Box was the yoke, embost with costly pains,

And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;

Nine cubits long the traces swept the ground ;

These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,

Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,

340 And close beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd.

Next with the gifts (the price of *Hector* slain)

The sad attendants load the groaning wain :

Last to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring,

(The gift of *Mysia* to the *Trojan* King.)

345 But the fair horses, long his darling care,

Himself receiv'd, and harness'd to his car :

Griev'd as he was, he not this task deny'd ;

The hoary herald help'd him at his side.

v. 342. *The sad attendants load the groaning wain.*] It is necessary to observe to the reader, to avoid confusion, that two cars are here prepared ; the one drawn by mules, to carry the presents, and to bring back the body of *Hector* ; the other drawn by horses, in which the herald and *Priam* rode. *Eustathius.*

While

While careful these the gentle courfers join'd,
 350 Sad *Hecuba* approach'd with anxious mind;
 A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,
 (Libation destin'd to the pow'r divine)
 Held in her right, before the steeds she stands,
 And thus consigns it to the Monarch's hands.
 355 Take this, and pour to *Jove*; that safe from harms,
 His grace restore thee to our roof, and arms.
 Since victor of thy fears, and flighting mine,
 Heav'n, or thy soul, inspire this bold design:
 Pray to that God, who high on *Ida's* brow
 360 Surveys thy desolated realms below,
 His winged messenger to send from high,
 And lead thy way with heav'nly Augury:
 Let the strong sov'reign of the plummy race
 Tow'r on the right of yon' æthereal space.
 365 That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above,
 Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by *Jove*;
 But if the God his Augury denies,
 Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice.
 'Tis just (said *Priam*) to the Sire above
 370 To raise our hands, for who so good as *Jove*?
 He spoke, and bad th' attendant handmaid bring
 The purest water of the living spring;

(Her ready hands the ew'er and bason held)

Then took the golden cup his Queen had fill'd;

375 On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine,

Uplifts his eyes, and calls the pow'r divine.

Oh first, and greatest! heav'n's imperial Lord!

On lofty *Ida's* holy hill ador'd!

To stern *Achilles* now direct my ways,

380 And teach him mercy when a father prays.

If such thy will, dispatch from yonder sky

Thy sacred bird, coelestial Augury!

Let the strong sov'reign of the plummy race

Tow'r on the right of yon' æthereal space:

385 So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above,

Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by *Jove*.

Jove heard his pray'r, and from the throne on high

Dispatch'd his bird, coelestial Augury!

The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,

390 And known to Gods by *Percnos'* lofty name.

*. 377. *Oh first, and greatest! &c.*] *Eustathius* observes, that there is not one instance in the whole *Ilias* of any prayer that was justly prefer'd, that fail'd of success. This proceeding of *Homer's* is very judicious, and answers exactly to the true end of poetry, which is to please and instruct. Thus *Priam* prays that *Achilles* may cease his wrath, and compassionate his miseries; and *Jupiter* grants his request: The unfortunate king obtains compassion, and in his most inveterate enemy finds a friend.

Wide,

Wide, as appears some palace-gate display'd,
So broad, his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,
As stooping dexter with resounding wings
Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.

395 A dawn of joy in ev'ry face appears ;
The mourning matron dries her tim'rous tears.
Swift on his car th' impatient Monarch sprung ;
The brazen portal in his passage rung.

The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
400 Charg'd with the gifts ; *Idæus* holds the rein :
The King himself his gentle steeds controuls,
And thro' surrounding friends the chariot rolls.
On his slow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each step, and give him up to fate ;

405 With hands uplifted, eye him as he past,
And gaze upon him as they gaz'd their last.
Now forward fares the Father on his way,
Thro' the lone fields, and back to *Ilion* they.
Great *Jove* beheld him as he crost the plain,

410 And felt the woes of miserable man.

Then thus to *Hermes*. Thou whose constant cares
Still succour mortals, and attend their pray'rs ;
Behold an object to thy charge consign'd,
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind.

Go,

415 Go, guard the fire; th' observing foe prevent,
And safe conduct him to *Achilles'* tent.

The God obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
That high thro' fields of air his flight sustain,

420 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main:

ψ. 417. *The description of Mercury.*] A man must have no taste for poetry that does not admire this sublime description: *Virgil* has translated it almost *verbatim* in the 4th book of the *Æneis*, ψ. 240.

—— *Ille patris magni parere parabat
Imperio, & primùm pedibus talaria neētit
Aurea, quæ sublimen alis, sive æquora supra,
Seu terram rapido pariter cum flamine portant.
Tum virgam capit, hæc animas ille evocat orco
Pallentes, alias sub tristia tartara mittit;
Dat somnos, adimitque, & lumina morte resignat.*

It is hard to determine which is more excellent, the copy, or the original: *Mercury* appears in both pictures with equal majesty; and the *Roman* dress becomes him, as well as the *Grecian*. *Virgil* has added the latter part of the fifth, and the whole sixth line, to *Homer*, which makes it still more full and majestic.

Give me leave to produce a passage out of *Milton*, of near affinity with the lines above, which is not inferior to *Homer* or *Virgil*: It is the description of the descent of an angel:

—— *Down thither, prone in flight
He speeds, and thro' the vast æthereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds; with steady wing:
Now on the polar winds: Then with quick force
Winnows the buxom air——
Of beaming sunny rays a golden Tiar
Circled his head; nor less his locks behind
Illustrious, on his shoulders fledg'd with wings,
Lay waving round.——&c.*

Then

Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
Thus arm'd, swift *Hermes* steers his airy way,
And stoops on *Hellepont's* resounding sea.

425 A beauteous youth, majestick and divine,
He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line!
Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the dusky fields in sober gray;
What time the herald and the hoary King
430 Their chariots stopping, at the silver spring
That circling *Ilus'* ancient marble flows,
Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.
Thro' the dim shade the herald first espies
A man's approach, and thus to *Priam* cries.

✧. 427. *Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day.*] The poet by such intimations as these recalls to our minds the exact time which *Priam* takes up in his journey to *Achilles*: He set out in the evening; and by the time that he reach'd the tomb of *Ilus*, it was grown somewhat dark, which shews that this tomb stood at some distance from the city: Here *Mercury* meets him, and when it was quite dark, guides him into the presence of *Achilles*. By these methods we may discover how exactly the poet preserves the unities of time and place, and he allots space sufficient for the actions which he describes, and yet does not crowd more incidents into any interval of time than may be executed in as much as he allows: Thus it being improbable that so stubborn a man as *Achilles* should relent in a few moments, the poet allows a whole night for this affair, so that *Priam* has leisure enough to go and return, and time enough remaining to persuade *Achilles*.

435 I mark some foe's advance : O King! beware;

This hard adventure claims thy utmost care:

For much I fear, destruction hovers nigh:

Our state asks counsel; Is it best to fly?

Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall,

440 (Two wretched suppliants) and for mercy call?

Th' afflicted Monarch shiver'd with despair;

Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;

Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;

A sudden trembling shook his aged frame:

445 When *Hermes* greeting, touch'd his royal hand,

And gentle, thus accosts with kind demand:

Say whither, father! when each mortal fight

Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st thro' the night?

Why

*. 447, &c. *The speech of Mercury to Priam.*] I shall not trouble the reader with the dreams of *Eustathius*, who tells us that this fiction of *Mercury*, is partly true and partly false: 'Tis true that his father is old; for *Jupiter* is King of the whole universe, was from eternity, and created both men and Gods: In like manner, when *Mercury* says he is the seventh child of his father, *Eustathius* affirms that he meant that there were six planets besides *Mercury*. Sure it requires great pains and thought to be so learnedly absurd: The supposition which he makes afterwards is far more natural. *Priam*, says he, might by chance meet with one of the *Myrmidons*, who might conduct him unobserv'd thro' the camp into the presence of *Achilles*: and as the execution of any wise design is ascrib'd to *Pallas*, so may this clandestine enterprize be said to be manag'd by the guidance of *Mercury*.

But

Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along,
 450 Thro' *Grecian* foes, so num'rous and so strong?
 What could'st thou hope, should these thy treasures view,
 These, who with endless hate thy race pursue?
 For what defence, alas ! couldst thou provide ?
 Thy self not young, a weak old man thy guide.
 455 Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread ;
 From me no harm shall touch thy rev'rend head ;

But perhaps this whole passage may be better explain'd by having recourse to the *Pagan* theology : It was an opinion that obtain'd in those early days, that *Jupiter* frequently sent some friendly messengers to protect the innocent, so that *Homer* might intend to give his readers a lecture of Morality, by telling us that this unhappy king was under the protection of the Gods.

Madam *Dacier* carries it farther. *Homer* (says she) instructed by tradition, knew that God sends his angels to the succour of the afflicted. The scripture is full of examples of this truth. The story of *Tobit* has a wonderful relation with this of *Homer* : *Tobit* sent his son to *Rages*, a city of *Media*, to receive a considerable sum ; *Tobias* did not know the way ; he found at his door a young man cloath'd with a majestick glory, which attracted admiration : It was an angel under the form of a man. This angel being ask'd who he was, answer'd (as *Mercury* does here) by a fiction ; He said that he was of the children of *Israel*, that his name was *Azarias*, and that he was son of *Ananias*. This angel conducted *Tobias* in safety ; he gave him instructions ; and when he was to receive the recompence which the father and son offer'd him, he declar'd that he was the angel of the Lord, took his flight towards heaven, and disappear'd. Here is a great conformity in the ideas and in the style ; and the example of our author so long before *Tobit*, proves, that this opinion of God's sending his angels to the aid of man was very common, and much spread amongst the *Pagans* in those former times. *Dacier.*

From

From *Greece* I'll guard thee too ; For in those lines
The living image of my father shines.

Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind
460 Are true, my son ! (the god-like fire rejoin'd)
Great are my hazards ; but the Gods survey
My steps, and send thee, guardian of my way.
Hail, and be blest ! For scarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.

465 Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide ;
(The sacred messenger of heav'n reply'd)
But say, convey'st thou thro' the lonely plains
What yet most precious of thy store remains,
To lodge in safety with some friendly hand ?

470 Prepar'd perchance to leave thy native land.
Or fly'st thou now ? What hopes can *Troy* retain ?
Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain !

The King, alarm'd. Say what, and whence thou art,
Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,
475 And know so well how god-like *Hector* dy'd ?
Thus *Priam* spoke, and *Hermes* thus reply'd.

You tempt me, father, and with pity touch :
On this sad subject you enquire too much.
Oft' have these eyes that god-like *Hector* view'd
480 In glorious fight with *Grecian* blood embred :

I saw him, when like *Jove* his flames he tost
On thousand ships, and wither'd half a host:
I saw, but help'd not: Stern *Achilles'* ire
Forbad assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.

485 For him I serve, of *Myrmidonian* race;
One ship convey'd us from our native place;
Polyctor is my sire, an honour'd name,
Old like thy self, and not unknown to fame;
Of sev'n his sons by whom the lot was cast

490 To serve our Prince, it fell on me, the last.
To watch this quarter my adventure falls,
For with the morn the *Greeks* attack your walls;
Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,
And scarce their rulers check the martial rage.

495 If then thou art of stern *Pelides'* train,
(The mournful Monarch thus rejoin'd again)
Ah tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
My son's dear relicks? what befalls him dead?
Have dogs dismember'd on the naked plains,
500 Or yet unmangled rest his cold remains?

O favour'd of the skies! (Thus answer'd then
The Pow'r that mediates between Gods and men)
Nor dogs nor vultures have thy *Hector* rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:

This

505 This the twelfth ev'ning since he rested there,
 Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
 Still as *Aurora's* ruddy beam is spread,
 Round his friend's tomb *Achilles* drags the dead;
 Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
 510 All fresh he lies, with ev'ry living grace,
 Majestical in death! No stains are found
 O'er all the corse, and clos'd is ev'ry wound;
 (Tho' many a wound they gave) some heav'nly care,
 Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair:
 515 Or all the host of heav'n, to whom he led
 A life so grateful, still regard him dead.
 Thus spoke to *Priam* the coelestial guide,
 And joyful thus the royal Sire reply'd.
 Blest is the man who pays the Gods above
 520 The constant tribute of respect and love!

Those

v. 519. *Blest is the man, &c.*] *Homer* now begins, after a beautiful and long fable, to give the moral of it, and display his poetical justice in rewards and punishments: Thus *Hector* fought in a bad cause, and therefore suffers in the defence of it; but because he was a good man, and obedient to the Gods in other respects, his very remains become the care of heaven.

I think it necessary to take notice to the reader, that nothing is more admirable than the conduct of *Homer* throughout his whole poem, in respect to morality. He justifies the character of *Herace*,

—Quid

Those who inhabit the *Olympian* bow'r
 My son forgot not, in exalted pow'r ;
 And Heav'n, that ev'ry virtue bears in mind,
 Ev'n to the ashes of the just, is kind.

525 But thou, oh gen'rous youth ! this goblet take,
 A pledge of gratitude for *Hector's* sake ;
 And while the fav'ring Gods our steps survey,
 Safe to *Pelides'* tent conduct my way.

To whom the latent God. O King forbear
 530 To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err:
 But can I, absent from my Prince's fight,
 Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light ?
 What from our master's int'rest thus we draw,
 Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.

——— *Quid pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
 Plenius & melius Chrysis & Crantore dicit.*

If the reader does not observe the morality of the *Ilias*, he loses half, and the nobler part of its beauty : He reads it as a common Romance, and mistakes the chief aim of it, which is to instruct.

✧. 531. *But can I, absent, &c.*] In the original of this place (which I have paraphras'd a little) the word *Συλεύειν* is remarkable. *Priam* offers *Mercury* (whom he looks upon as a soldier of *Achilles*) a present, which he refuses because his prince is ignorant of it : This present he calls a direct *theft* or *robbery* ; which may shew us how strict the notions of justice were in the days of *Homer*, when if a prince's servant receiv'd any present without the knowledge of his master, he was esteem'd a thief and a robber. *Eustathius*.

Respecting

535 Respecting him, my soul abjures th' offence;
 And as the crime, I dread the consequence.
 Thee, far as *Argos*, pleas'd I could convey;
 Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
 On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,
 540 O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main.

He said, then took the chariot at a bound,
 And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash around:
 Before th' inspiring God that urg'd them on,
 The courfers fly, with spirit not their own.
 545 And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
 The guards repasting, while the bowls go round;
 On these the virtue of his wand he tries,
 And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes:
 Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,
 550 And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.
 Unseen, thro' all the hostile camp they went,
 And now approach'd *Pelides'* lofty tent.
 Of Fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
 With reeds collected from the marshy shore;

And,

*. 553. *Of Fir the roof was rais'd.*] I have in the course of these observations describ'd the method of encamping used by the *Grecians*: The reader has here a full and exact description of the tent of *Achilles*: This royal pavilion was built with long palisadoes made of Fir; the top of it cover'd with reeds,
 and

555 And, fenc'd with palifades, a hall of ftate,
 (The work of foldiers) where the hero fate.
 Large was the door, whose well-compacted ftrength
 A folid pine-tree barr'd, of wond'rous length;
 Scarce three ftong *Greeks* could lift its mighty weight,
 560 But great *Achilles* fingly clos'd the gate,
 This *Hermes* (fuch the pow'r of Gods) fet wide;
 Then fwift alighted the cœleftial guide,
 And thus, reveal'd—Hear, Prince! and underftand
 Thou ow'ft thy guidance to no mortal hand:

and the infide was divided into feveral apartments: Thus *Achilles* had his αὐλὴ μεγάλη, or large hall, and behind it were lodging rooms. So in the ninth book *Phœnix* has a bed prepared for him in one apartment, *Patroclus* has another for himfelf and his captive *Iphis*, and *Achilles* has a third for himfelf and his miftrefs *Diomeda*.

But we muft not imagine that the other *Myrmidons* had tents of the like dimensions: They were, as *Eufatbius* obferves, inferior to this royal one of *Achilles*: Which indeed is no better than an hovel, yet agrees very well with the duties of a foldier, and the fimplicity of thofe early times.

I am of opinion that fuch fixed tents were not ufed by the *Grecians* in their common marches, but only during the time of fieges, when their long ftay in one place made it neceffary to build fuch tents as are here defcrib'd; at other times they lay like *Diomed* in the tenth book, in the open air, their fpears ftanding upright, to be ready upon any alarm; and with the hides of beafts fpread on the ground, inftead of a bed.

It is worthy obfervation that *Homer* even upon fo trivial an occafion as the defcribing the tent of *Achilles*, takes an opportunity to fhew the fuperiour ftrength of his hero; and tells us that three men could fcarce open the door of his pavilion, but *Achilles* could open it alone.

Hermes

565 *Hermes* I am, descended from above,
 The King of Arts, the messenger of *Jove*.
 Farewell: To shun *Achilles'* fight I fly;
 Uncommon are such favours of the sky,
 Nor stand confest to frail mortality.

}

570 Now fearless enter, and prefer thy pray'rs;
 Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,

ψ. 569. *Nor stand confest to frail mortality.*] *Eustatbius* thinks it was from this maxim, that the Princes of the East assum'd that air of majesty which separates them from the sight of their subjects; but I should rather believe that *Homer* copied this after the originals, from some Kings of his time: It not being unlikely that this policy is very ancient. *Dacier*.

ψ. 571. *Adjure him by his father, &c.*] *Eustatbius* observes that *Priam* does not entirely follow the instructions of *Mercury*, but only calls to his remembrance his aged father *Peleus*: And this was judiciously done by *Priam*: For what motive to compassion could arise from the mention of *Thetis*, who was a Goddess, and incapable of misfortune? Or how could *Neoptolemus* be any inducement to make *Achilles* pity *Priam*, when at the same time he flourish'd in the greatest prosperity? therefore *Priam* only mentions his father *Peleus*, who, like him, stood upon the very brink of the grave, and was liable to the same misfortunes he suffer'd. These are the remarks of *Eustatbius*; but how then shall we justify *Mercury*, who gave him such improper instructions with relation to *Thetis*? All that can be said in defence of the poet is, that *Thetis*, tho' a Goddess, has thro' the whole course of the *Ilias* been describ'd as a partner in all the afflictions of *Achilles*, and consequently might be made use of as an inducement to raise the compassion of *Achilles*. *Priam* might have said, I conjure thee by the love thou bearest to thy mother, take pity on me! For if she who is a Goddess would grieve for the loss of her beloved son, how greatly must the loss of *Hector* afflict the unfortunate *Hecuba* and *Priam*?

His son, his mother! urge him to bestow
Whatever pity that stern heart can know.

Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,

575 And in a moment shot into the skies:

The King, confirm'd from heav'n, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.

With solemn pace thro' various rooms he went,
And found *Achilles* in his inner tent:

580 There sat the Hero; *Alcimus* the brave,

And great *Automedon*, attendance gave:

These serv'd his person at the royal feast,
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.

Unseen by these, the King his entry made;

585 And prostrate now before *Achilles* laid,

Sudden, (a venerable sight!) appears;

Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears;

ψ. 586. *Sudden, (a venerable sight!) appears.*] I fancy this interview between *Priam* and *Achilles* would furnish an admirable subject for a painter, in the surprize of *Achilles*, and the other spectators, the attitude of *Priam*, and the sorrows in the countenance of this unfortunate king.

That circumstance of *Priam's* kissing the hands of *Achilles* is inimitably fine; he kiss'd, says *Homer*, the hands of *Achilles*; those terrible, murderous hands that had robb'd him of so many sons: By these two words the poet recalls to our mind all the noble actions perform'd by *Achilles* in the whole *Ilias*; and at the same time strikes us with the utmost compassion for this unhappy king, who is reduced so low, as to be oblig'd to kiss those hands that had slain his subjects, and ruin'd his kingdom and family.

Those direful hands his kisses press'd, embru'd
 Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood!

590 As when a wretch, (who conscious of his crime,
 Pursu'd for murder, flies his native clime)
 Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale! amaz'd!
 All gaze, all wonder: Thus *Achilles* gaz'd:

Thus stood th' attendants stupid with surprize:
 595 All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes:
 Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
 Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke.

Ah think, thou favour'd of the pow'rs divine!
 Think of thy father's age, and pity mine

In

§. 598. *The speech of Priam to Achilles.*] The curiosity of the reader must needs be awaken'd to know how *Achilles* would behave to this unfortunate king; it requires all the art of the poet to sustain the violent character of *Achilles*, and yet at the same time to soften him into compassion. To this end the poet uses no preamble, but breaks directly into that circumstance which is most likely to mollify him, and the two first words he utters are, *μν-σαι Πατρός*, see thy father, O *Achilles*, in me! Nothing could be more happily imagin'd than this entrance into his speech; *Achilles* has every where been describ'd as bearing a great affection to his father, and by two words the poet recalls all the tenderness that love and duty can suggest to an affectionate son.

Priam tells *Achilles*, that *Hector* fell in the defence of his country: I am far from thinking that this was inserted accidentally; it could not fail of having a very good effect upon *Achilles*, not only as one brave man naturally loves another, but as it implies that *Hector* had no particular enmity against *Achilles*,

600 In me, that father's rev'rend image trace,
 Those silver hairs, that venerable face;
 His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!
 In all my equal, but in misery!
 Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
 605 Expels him helpless from his peaceful state;
 Think, from some pow'rful foe thou see'st him fly,
 And beg protection with a feeble cry.
 Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;
 He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;
 610 And hearing still may hope, a better day
 May send him thee, to chase that foe away.
 No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
 The best, the bravest of my sons are slain!
 Yet what a race? e'er *Greece* to *Ilion* came,
 615 The pledge of many a lov'd, and loving dame:

Achilles, but that tho' he fought against him, it was in defence of his country.

The reader will observe that *Priam* repeats the beginning of his speech, and recalls his father to his memory in the conclusion of it. This is done with great judgment; the poet takes care to enforce his petition with the strongest motive, and leaves it fresh upon his memory; and possibly *Priam* might perceive that the mention of his father had made a deeper impression upon *Achilles* than any other part of his petition, therefore while the mind of *Achilles* dwells upon it, he again sets him before his imagination by this repetition, and softens him into compassion.

Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!

How oft', alas! has wretched *Priam* bled?

Still one was left, their loss to recompense;

His father's hope, his country's last defence.

620 Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel

Unhappy, in his country's cause he fell!

For him, thro' hostile camps I bent my way,

For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;

Large gifts, proportion'd to thy wrath, I bear;

625 Oh hear the wretched, and the Gods revere!

Think of thy father, and this face behold!

See him in me, as helpless and as old!

Tho' not so wretched: There he yields to me,

The first of men in sov'reign misery.

630 Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace

The scourge and ruin of my realm and race;

Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,

And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,

635 Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his fire.

Then

✱. 634. *These words soft pity, &c.*] We are now come almost to the end of the poem, and consequently to the end of the anger of *Achilles*: And *Homer* has describ'd the abatement of it with excellent judgment. We may here observe how necessary

Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow:

640 This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a son deplore:
But great *Achilles* diff'rent passions rend,
And now his Sire he mourns, and now his Friend.
Th' infectious softness thro' the heroes ran;

645 One universal solemn show'r began;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine *Achilles* rose;
The reverend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
650 On his white beard and form majestick gaz'd,
Not unrelenting: Then serene began
With words to sooth the miserable man.

sary the conduct of *Homer* was, in sending *Thetis* to prepare her son to use *Priam* with civility: It would have ill suited with the violent temper of *Achilles* to have used *Priam* with tenderness without such pre-admonition; nay, the unexpected sight of his enemy might probably have carry'd him into violence and rage: But *Homer* has avoided these absurdities; for *Achilles* being already prepared for a reconciliation, the misery of this venerable prince naturally melts him into compassion.

Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known?

Unhappy Prince! thus guardless and alone

655 To pass thro' foes, and thus undaunted face

The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race?

Heav'n sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,

A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.

Rise then: Let reason mitigate our care:

660 To mourn, avails not: Man is born to bear.

Such is, alas! the Gods severe decree;

They, only they are blest, and only free.

Two Urns by *Jove's* high throne have ever stood,

The source of Evil one, and one of Good;

From

§. 653. *Achilles's speech to Priam.*] There is not a more beautiful passage in the whole *Ilias* than this before us: *Homer* to shew that *Achilles* was not a mere soldier, here draws him as a person of excellent sense and sound reason: *Plato* himself (who condemns this passage) could not speak more like a true philosopher: And it was a piece of great judgment thus to describe him; for the reader would have retain'd but a very indifferent opinion of the hero of a poem, that had no qualification but mere strength: It also shews the art of the poet thus to defer this part of his character till the very conclusion of the poem: By these means he fixes an idea of his greatness upon our minds, and makes his hero go off the stage with applause.

Neither does he here ascribe more wisdom to *Achilles* than he might really be master of; for as *Eustathius* observes, he had *Chiron* and *Phœnix* for his tutors, and a Goddess for his mother.

§. 663. *Two urns by Jove's high throne, &c.*] This is an admirable

665 From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
 Blessings to these, to those distributes ills;
 To most, he mingles both: The wretch decreed
 To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curst indeed;
 Pursu'd by wrongs, by meagre famine driv'n,
 670 He wanders, outcast both of earth and heaven.

The happiest taste not happiness sincere,
 But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.
 Who more than *Peleus* shone in wealth and pow'r?
 What stars concurring blest his natal hour?

mirable allegory, and very beautifully imagin'd by the poet. *Plato* has accus'd it as an impiety to say that God gives evil: But it seems borrow'd from the eastern way of speaking, and bears a great resemblance to several expressions in scripture: Thus in the *Psalms*, *in the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and he poureth out of the same; as for the dregs thereof, all the ungodly of the earth shall drink them.*

It was the custom of the *Jews* to give condemn'd persons just before execution, *οἶνον ἐσμυρνισμένον*, wine mix'd with myrrh; to make them less sensible of pain: Thus *Proverbs xxxi. 6. Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish.* This custom was so frequent among the *Jews*, that the cup which was given him before execution, came to denote death itself, as in that passage, *Father let this cup pass from me.*

Some have suppos'd that there were three urns, one of good, and two of evil; thus *Pindar*,

Ἐν γὰρ ἔσθλ' ἄνδρ' ἀνδρῶν, πῆμα δ' αὖτε σῦνδ' αὖτε
 Δαίον' αἰ βροτοῖς ἀθάνατοι.

But, as *Eustathius* observes, the word *ἕτερος* shews that there were but two, for that word is never used when more than two are intended.

675 A realm, a Goddeſs, to his wiſhes giv'n,

Grac'd by the Gods with all the gifts of heav'n!

One evil yet o'ertakes his lateſt day,

No race ſucceeding to imperial ſway:

An only ſon! and he (alas!) ordain'd

680 To fall untimely in a foreign land!

See him, in *Troy*, the pious care decline

Of his weak age, to live the curſe of thine!

Thou too, old man, haſt happier days beheld;

In riches once, in children once excell'd;

685 Extended *Phrygia* own'd thy ample reign,

And all fair *Lesbos*' bliſſful ſeats contain,

And all wide *Helleſpont*'s unmeaſur'd main.

But ſince the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,

And fill thy meaſure from his bitter urn,

690 What ſees the ſun, but hapleſs heroes falls?

War, and the blood of men, ſurround thy walls!

*. 685. *Extended Phrygia, &c.*] *Homer* here gives us a piece of geography, and ſhews the full extent of *Priam*'s kingdom. *Lesbos* bounded it on the ſouth, *Phrygia* on the eaſt, and the *Helleſpont* on the north. This kingdom, according to *Strabo* in the 13th book, was divided into nine dynaſties, who all depended upon *Priam* as their king: So that what *Homer* here relates of *Priam*'s power is literally true, and confirm'd by hiſtory. *Euſtathius*.

What

What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
 These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead ;
 Thou canst not call him from the *Stygian* shore,
 695 But thou alas ! may'st live to suffer more !

To whom the King. Oh favour'd of the skies !
 Here let me grow to earth ! since *Hector* lies
 On the bare beach, depriv'd of obsequies.

Oh give me *Hector* ! to my eyes restore
 700 His corse, and take the gifts : I ask no more.

Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy ;
 Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from *Troy* ;
 So shall thy pity and forbearance give
 A weak old man to see the light, and live !

705 Move me no more (*Achilles* thus replies,
 While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes)

Nor

*. 706. *While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes.*] I believe every reader must be surpriz'd, as I confess I was, to see *Achilles* fly out into so sudden a passion, without any apparent reason for it. It can scarce be imagin'd that the name of *Hector* (as *Eustatbius* thinks) could throw him into so much violence, when he had heard it mention'd with patience and calmness by *Priam* in this very conference : Especially if we remember that *Achilles* had actually determin'd to restore the body of *Hector* to *Priam*. I was therefore very well pleas'd to find that the words in the original would bear another interpretation, and such a one as naturally solves the difficulty. The meaning of the passage I fancy may be this : *Priam* perceiving that his address had mollify'd the heart of *Achilles*, takes this opportunity to persuade him to give over the war,

Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;

To yield thy *Hector* I my self intend:

For know, from *Jove* my Goddess-mother came,

710 (Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame)

Nor

and return home; especially since his anger was sufficiently satisfy'd by the fall of *Hector*. Immediately *Achilles* takes fire at this proposal, and answers, "Is it not enough that I have determin'd to restore thy son? ask no more, lest I retract that resolution." In this view we see a natural reason for the sudden passion of *Achilles*.

What may perhaps strengthen this conjecture is the word *πρῶτον*; and then the sense will run thus; since I have found so much favour in thy fight, as first to permit me to live, O would'st thou still enlarge my happiness, and return home to thy own country! &c.

This opinion may be farther establish'd from what follows in the latter end of this interview, where *Achilles* asks *Priam* how many days he would request for the interment of *Hector*? *Achilles* had refus'd to give over the war, but yet consents to intermit it a few days; and then the sense will be this: "I will not consent to return home, but ask a time for a cessation, and it shall be granted." And what most strongly speaks for this interpretation is the answer of *Priam*; I ask, says he, eleven days to bury my son, and then let the war commence again, since it must be so, *ἐπεὶ ἀνάγκη*; since you necessitate me to it; or since you will not be persuaded to leave these shores.

γ. 706. *While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes.*] The reader may be pleas'd to observe that this is the last sally of the resentment of *Achilles*; and the poet judiciously describes him moderating it by his own reflection: So that his reason now prevails over his anger, and the design of the poem is fully executed.

γ. 709, 710. *For know, from Jove my Goddess-mother came.*] The injustice of *La Motte's* criticism, (who blames *Homer* for representing *Achilles* so mercenary, as to enquire into the price offer'd for *Hector's* body before he would restore it) will appear plainly from this passage, where he makes *Achilles* expressly

Nor com'st thou but by heav'n ; nor com'st alone,
 Some God impels with courage not thy own :
 No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
 Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd
 715 To pass our out-works, or elude the guard.

Cease ; lest neglectful of high *Jove's* command
 I show thee, King ! thou tread'st on hostile land ;
 Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,
 And shake the purpose of my soul no more.

720 The Sire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd.

Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad :

Automedon and *Alcimus* attend,

(Whom most he honour'd, since he lost his friend ;)

These to unyoke the mules and horses went,

725 And led the hoary herald to the tent ;

Next heap'd on high the num'rous presents bear

(Great *Hector's* ranfome) from the polish'd car.

pressly say, it is not for any other reason that he delivers the body, but that heaven had directly commanded it. The words are very full.

——— Διόθεν δέ μοι ἄγγελος ἦλθε
 Μήτηρ ἢ μ' ἔτεκεν, θυγάτηρ ἄλλοιο γέροντος,
 Καὶ δε σε γινώσκω Πρίαμε Φρεσὶν, εἰδέ με λήθεις,
 Ὅττι Θεῶν τις ἦγε θεὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,
They leave; to cover, and inwrap the dead.

730 Then call the handmaids with assistant toil
To wash the body, and anoint with oil;
Apart from *Priam*, lest th' unhappy Sire
Provok'd to passion, once more rouze to Ire
The stern *Pelides*; and nor sacred age

735 Nor *Jove's* command, should check the rising rage.
This done, the garments o'er the corse they spread;
Achilles lifts it to the fun'ral bed:
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd *Patroclus's* shade.

740 If, in that gloom which never light must know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below:
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfill
(Restoring *Hector*) heav'n's unquestion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,

745 To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine.

He said, and entring, took his seat of state,
Where full before him rev'rend *Priam* fate:
To whom, compos'd, the god-like chief begun.
Lo! to thy Pray'r restor'd, thy breathless son;

750 Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies;
 And soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
 The sight is granted to thy longing eyes.
 But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
 Demand refection, and to rest invite:
 755 Nor thou, O father! thus consum'd with woe,
 The common cares that nourish life, forego.
 Not thus did *Niobe*, of form divine,
 A parent once, whose sorrows equal'd thine:
 Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids
 760 In one sad day beheld the *Stygian* shades;
 These by *Apollo's* silver bow were slain,
 Those, *Cynthia's* arrows stretch'd upon the plain.
 So was her pride chastiz'd by wrath divine,
 Who match'd her own with bright *Latona's* line;
 765 But two the Goddess, twelve the Queen enjoy'd;
 Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.

✱. 757. *Not thus did Niobe, &c.*] *Achilles*, to comfort *Priam*, tells him a known history; which was very proper to work this effect. *Niobe* had lost all her children, *Priam* had some remaining. *Niobe's* had been nine days extended on the earth, drown'd in their blood, in the sight of their people, without any one presenting himself to interr them: *Hector* has likewise been twelve days, but in the midst of his enemies; therefore 'tis no wonder that no one has paid him the last duties. The Gods at last interr'd *Niobe's* children, and the Gods likewise are concern'd to procure honourable funerals for *Hector*. *Eustatbius*.

Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
 Nine days neglected lay expos'd the dead ;
 None by to weep them, to inhume them none ;

770 (For *Jove* had turn'd the nation all to stone :)

The Gods themselves at length relenting, gave
 Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.

Herself a rock, (for such was heav'n's high will)

Thro' deserts wild now pours a weeping rill ;

775 Where round the bed whence *Acheloüs* springs,

The wat'ry Fairies dance in mazy rings,

There high on *Sipylos* his shaggy brow,

She stands her own sad monument of woe ;

The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow. }

780 Such griefs, O King ! have other parents known ;

Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.

The care of heav'n thy *Hector* has appear'd,

Nor shall he lie unwept, and uninterr'd ;

Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,

785 And all the eyes of *Ilion* stream around.

He said, and rising, chose the victim Ewe

With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.

The limbs they sever from the reeking hide

With skill prepare them, and in parts divide :

Each

790 Each on the coals the sep'rate morsels lays,
 And hasty, snatches from the rising blaze.
 With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,
 Which round the board *Automedon* bestow'd:
 The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
 795 And each indulging shar'd in sweet repast.
 When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
 The wond'ring hero eyes his royal guest;
 No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
 His god-like aspect and majestick size;
 800 Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage,
 And there, the mild benevolence of age.

ψ. 798. *The royal guest the hero eyes, &c.*] The poet omits no opportunity of praising his hero *Achilles*, and it is observable that he now commends him for his more amiable qualities: He softens the terrible idea we have conceiv'd of him, as a warrior, with several virtues of humanity; and the angry, vindictive soldier is become calm and compassionate. In this place he makes his very enemy admire his personage, and be astonish'd at his manly beauty. So that tho' courage be his most distinguishing character, yet *Achilles* is admirable both for the endowments of mind and body.

Ἐπικερτομέων. The sense of this word differs in this place from that it usually bears: It does not imply τραχύτητα ὑβριστικὴν, any reproachful asperity of language, but εἰσήμεσι ψευδὲς φόβον, the raising of a false fear in the old man, that he might not be concern'd at his being lodg'd in the outermost part of the tent; and by this method he gives *Priam* an opportunity of going away in the morning without observation. *Eustathius*.

Thus

Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke,
(A solemn scene!) at length the father spoke.

Permit me now, belov'd of *Jove*! to sleep
805 My careful temples in the dew of sleep:

For since the day that numbred with the dead
My hapless son, the dust has been my bed,
Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes,
My only food, my sorrows, and my sighs!

810 Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I share thy banquet, and consent to live.

With that, *Achilles* bad prepare the bed,
With purple soft, and shaggy carpets spread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
815 And place the couches, and the cov'rings lay.

Then he: Now father sleep, but sleep not here,
Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear,
Lest any *Argive* (at this hour awake,
To ask our counsel, or our orders take)

Approaching

ψ. 819. *To ask our counsel, or our orders take.*] The poet here shews the importance of *Achilles* in the army; tho' *Agamemnon* be the general, yet all the chief commanders apply to him for advice: and thus he promises *Priam* a cessation of arms for several days, purely by his own authority. The method that *Achilles* took to confirm the truth of the cessation, agrees with

- 820 Approaching sudden to our open'd tent,
 Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
 Should such report thy honour'd person here,
 The King of men the ransom might defer.
 But say with speed, if ought of thy desire
- 825 Remains unask'd; what time the rites require
 T' interr thy *Hector*? For, so long we stay
 Our slaught'ring arm, and bid the hosts obey.
 If then thy will permit (the Monarch said)
 To finish all due honours to the dead,
- 830 This, of thy grace accord: To thee are known
 The fears of *Ilion*, clos'd within her town,
 And at what distance from our walls aspire
 The hills of *Idæ*, and forests for the fire.
 Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
- 835 The tenth shall see the fun'ral and the feast;
 The next, to raise his monument be giv'n;
 The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n!
 This thy request (reply'd the chief) enjoy:
 Till then, our arms suspend the fall of *Troy*.

with the custom which we use at this day, he gave him his hand upon it.

——— χεῖρα γέροντος

*Ελλαβε δεξιερην.

Eustathius.

Then

840 Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
 The old Man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
 Where fair *Briseïs* bright in blooming charms
 Expects her Hero with desiring arms.
 But in the porch the King and Herald rest,

845 Sad dreams of care yet wand'ring in their breast.
 Now Gods and men the gifts of sleep partake;
 Industrious *Hermes* only was awake,
 The King's return revolving in his mind,
 To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.

850 The pow'r descending hover'd o'er his head:
 And sleep'st thou, father! (thus the vision said)
 Now dost thou sleep, when *Hector* is restor'd?
 Nor fear the *Grecian* foes, or *Grecian* Lord?
 Thy presence here shou'd stern *Atrides* see,

855 Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee,
 May offer all thy treasures yet contain,
 To spare thy age; and offer all in vain.

Wak'd with the word, the trembling Sire arose,
 And rais'd his friend: The God before him goes,
 860 He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
 And moves in silence thro' the hostile land.
 When now to *Xanthus*' yellow stream they drove,
 (*Xanthus*, immortal progeny of *Jove*)

The winged deity forsook their view,

865 And in a moment to *Olympus* flew.

Now shed *Aurora* round her saffron ray,

Sprung thro' the gates of light, and gave the day:

Charg'd with their mournful load, to *Ilion* go

The Sage and King, majestically flow.

870 *Cassandra* first beholds, from *Ilion's* spire,

The sad procession of her hoary fire,

Then, as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near,

Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier:

A show'r of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,

875 Alarming thus all *Ilion* with her cries.

Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,

Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of *Troy*!

If e'er ye rush'd in crouds, with vast delight

To hail your hero glorious from the fight;

880 Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow!

Your common triumph, and your common woe.

In thronging crouds they issue to the plains,

Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains.

In ev'ry face the self-same grief is shown,

885 And *Troy* sends forth one universal groan.

At *Scaea's* gates they meet the mourning wain,

Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.

The

The wife and mother, frantic with despair,
 Kifs his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair:
 890 Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay;
 And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day;
 But god-like *Priam* from the chariot rose:
 Forbear (he cry'd) this violence of woes,
 First to the palace let the car proceed,
 895 Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead.

The waves of people at his word divide,
 Slow rolls the chariot thro' the following tide;
 Ev'n to the palace the sad pomp they wait:
 They weep, and place him on the bed of state.
 900 A melancholy choir attend around,
 With plaintive sighs, and musick's solemn sound:
 Alternately they sing, alternate flow
 Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
 While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
 905 And Nature speaks at ev'ry pause of Art.

¶. 900. *A melancholy choir, &c.*] This was a custom generally receiv'd, and which passed from the *Hebrews* to the *Greeks*, *Romans*, and *Asiatics*. There were weepers by profession, of both sexes, who sung doleful tunes round the dead. *Ecclesiasticus* cap. xii. §. 5. *When a man shall go into the house of his eternity, there shall encompass him Weepers*. It appears from *St. Matthew* xi. 17. that children were likewise employed in this office. *Dacier*.

First to the corse the weeping Comfort flew ;
 Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw,
 And Oh my *Hector* ! Oh my Lord ! she cries,
 Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes !
 910 Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone !
 And I abandon'd, desolate, alone !
 An only son, once comfort of our pains,
 Sad product now of hapless love remains !
 Never to manly age that son shall rise,
 915 Or with encreasing graces glad my eyes :
 For *Ilion* now (her great defender slain)
 Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.

*. 906, &c. *The lamentations over Hector.*] The poet judiciously makes *Priam* to be silent in this general lamentation ; he has already borne a sufficient share in these sorrows, in the tent of *Achilles*, and said what grief can dictate to a father and a king upon such a melancholy subject. But he introduces three women as chief mourners, and speaks only in general of the lamentation of the men of *Troy*, an excess of sorrow being unmanly : Whereas these women might with decency indulge themselves in all the lamentation that fondness and grief could suggest. The wife, the mother of *Hector*, and *Helen*, are the three persons introduced ; and tho' they all mourn upon the same occasion, yet their lamentations are so different, that not a sentence that is spoken by the one, could be made use of by the other : *Andromache* speaks like a tender wife, *Hecuba* like a fond mother, and *Helen* mourns with sorrow rising from self-accusation : *Andromache* commends his bravery, *Hecuba* his manly beauty, and *Helen* his gentleness and humanity.

Homer is very concise in describing the funeral of *Hector*, which was but a necessary piece of conduct, after he had been so full in that of *Patroclus*.

Who

Who now protects her wives with guardian care?

Who saves her infants from the rage of war?

920 Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er,
(Those wives must wait 'em) to a foreign shore!

Thou too my son! to barb'rous climes shalt go,

The sad companion of thy mother's woe;

Driv'n hence a slave before the victor's sword ;

925 Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman Lord.

Or else some *Greek* whose father prest the plain,

Or son, or brother, by great *Hector* slain ;

In *Hector*'s blood his vengeance shall enjoy,

And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of *Troy*.

930 For thy stern father never spar'd a foe :

Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe!

Thence, many evils his sad parents bore,

His parents many, but his comfort more.

Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?

935 And why receiv'd not I thy last command?

✱. 934. *Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand,
And why receiv'd not I thy last command?*

I have taken these two lines from Mr. Congreve, whose translation of this part was one of his first essays in poetry. He has very justly render'd the sense of Πυκνὸν ἔπος, *dictum prudens*, which is meant of the words of a dying man, or one in some dangerous exigence ; at which times what is spoken is usually something of the utmost importance, and deliver'd with the utmost care : Which is the true signification of the epithet Πυκνὸν in this place.

Some

Some word thou wouldst have spoke, which sadly dear,
My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never could be lost in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!

940 Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan;
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.

The mournful Mother next sustains her part.

Oh thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!

Of all my race thou most by heav'n approv'd,

945 And by th'immortals ev'n in death belov'd!

While all my other sons in barb'rous bands

Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,

This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost

Free, and a Hero to the *Stygian* coast.

950 Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,

Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb,

(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain)

Ungen'rous insult, impotent and vain!

Yet glow'st thou fresh with ev'ry living grace,

955 No mark of pain, or violence of face;

Rosy and fair! as *Phœbus*' silver bow

Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below.

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.

Sad *Helen* next in pomp of grief appears:

960 Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes

Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries.

Ah dearest friend ! in whom the Gods had join'd
The mildest manners with the bravest mind !

Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er

965 Since *Paris* brought me to the *Trojan* shore;

(Oh had I perish'd, e'er that form divine

Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine !)

Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find

A deed ungentle, or a word unkind :

970 When others curst the auth'refs of their woe,

Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow :

If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,

Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,

Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.

975 For thee I mourn ; and mourn my self in thee,

The wretched source of all this misery !

The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan ;

Sad *Helen* has no friend now thou art gone !

Thro' *Troy's* wide streets abandon'd shall I roam,

980 In *Troy* deserted, as abhorr'd at home !

So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye:

Distressful beauty melts each stander-by ;

On all around th' infectious sorrow grows;

But *Priam* check'd the torrent as it rose.

985 Perform, ye *Trojans*! what the rites require,

And fell the forests for a fun'ral pyre;

Twelve days, nor foes nor secret ambush dread;

Achilles grants these honours to the dead.

He spoke; and at his word, the *Trojan* train

990 Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,

Pour thro' the gates, and, fell'd from *Ida's* crown,

Roll back the gather'd forests to the town.

These toils continue nine succeeding days,

And high in air a sylvan structure raise.

995 But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,

Forth to the pile was born the Man divine,

And plac'd aloft: while all, with streaming eyes,

Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.

Soon as *Aurora*, daughter of the dawn,

1000 With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn;

Again the mournful crouds surround the pyre,

And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire.

The snowy bones his friends and brothers place

(With tears collected) in a golden vase;

1005 The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd,

Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.

Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead.

(Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done,
1010 Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun)

All *Troy* then moves to *Priam's* court again,
A solemn, silent, melancholy train:

Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.

1015 Such honours *Ilion* to her Hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty *Hector's* shade.

The End of the ILIAD.



WE have now past thro' the *Iliad*, and seen the anger of *Achilles*, and the terrible effects of it, at an end: As that only was the subject of the poem, and the nature of Epic poetry would not permit our author to proceed to the event of the war, it may perhaps be acceptable to the common reader to give a short account of what happen'd to *Troy* and the chief actors in this poem, after the conclusion of it.

I need not mention that *Troy* was taken soon after the death of *Hector*, by the stratagem of the wooden horse, the particulars of which are describ'd by *Virgil* in the second book of the *Æneis*.

Achilles fell before *Troy*, by the hand of *Paris*, by the shot of an arrow in his heel, as *Hector* had prophesied at his death, lib. 22.

The unfortunate *Priam* was kill'd by *Pyrrhus* the son of *Achilles*.

Ajax, after the death of *Achilles*, had a contest with *Ulysses* for the armour of *Vulcan*, but being defeated in his aim, he slew himself thro' indignation.

Helen, after the death of *Paris*, married *Deiphobus* his brother, and at the taking of *Troy* betray'd him, in order to reconcile herself to *Menelaus* her first husband, who receiv'd her again into favour.

Agamemnon at his return was barbarously murther'd by *Ægysthus* at the instigation of *Clytæmnestra* his wife, who in his absence had dishonour'd his bed with *Ægysthus*.

Diomed after the fall of *Troy* was expell'd his own country, and scarce escap'd with life from his adulterous wife *Ægiale*; but at last was receiv'd by *Daunus* in *Apulia*, and shar'd his kingdom: 'Tis uncertain how he died.

Nestor liv'd in peace, with his children, in *Pylos* his native country.

Ulysses also after innumerable troubles by sea and land, at last return'd in safety to *Ithaca*, which is the subject of *Homer's Odyssey*.

I must end these notes by discharging my duty to two of my Friends, which is the more an indispensable piece of justice, as the one of them is since dead: The merit of their kindness to me will appear infinitely the greater, as the task they undertook was in its own nature, of much more labour, than either pleasure or reputation. The larger part of the extracts from *Eustathius*, together with several excellent observations were sent me by Mr. *Broome*: And the whole Essay upon *Homer* was written

upon such memoirs as I had collected, by the late Dr. Parnell, Archdeacon of Clogher in Ireland: How very much that gentleman's friendship prevail'd over his genius, in detaining a writer of his spirit in the drudgery of removing the rubbish of past pedants, will soon appear to the world, when they shall see those beautiful pieces of poetry, the publication of which he left to my charge, almost with his dying breath.

For what remains, I beg to be excus'd from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work; and from embarrassing my self, or others, with any defences or apologies about it. But instead of endeavouring to raise a vain monument to my self, of the merits or difficulties of it (which must be left to the world, to truth, and to posterity) let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship, with one of the most valuable men as well as finest writers, of my age and country: One who has try'd, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to *Homer*: And one, who (I am sure) sincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to *dedicate* it; and to have the honour and satisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. CONGREVE, and of

March 25.
1720.

A. POPE.

Τῶν Θεῶν δὲ εὐποιῖα—τὸ μὴ ἐπὶ πλέον με προκόψαι ἐν Ποιητικῇ καὶ ἄλλοις ἐπιηδεύμασι, ἐν' οἷς ἴσως ἂν καλεσχέθην, εἰ ἡσθόμην ἑμαυτὸν εὐόδως προϊόντα. M. AUREL. ANTON. *de seipso*. l. i. §. 14.





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<i> kill'd</i>	6	5	<i> her father</i>	1	575
<i> the Trojan watch</i>	8	686	<i> contends with Ajax</i>		
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<i> Trojans make a great</i>			<i> battel</i>	2	347
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<i> The Trojans fight</i>			<i> non</i>	4	402
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<i> they fly before the</i>			<i> and Agamem-</i>		
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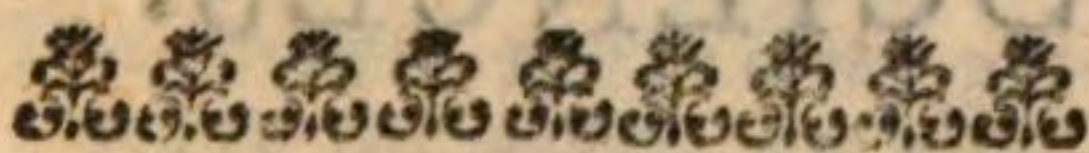
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Read, For him they mediate to the throne above.

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